

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

OUR AGRICULTURAL CONDITION.*

If any people in the world ever had set before them a pre-eminent necessity for exertion,—for the display of all their abilities, the exercise of all their energies, and the development of all their resources,—it is the good people of these slave-holding States of North-America. Their decline, their impoverishment, their discontent, is a hand writing on every wall. The condition of the cotton culture is such, that, according to present habits and standards among us, to which we have been trained, and to which we are training our posterity,—certain ruin seems to await all those who are engaged in it,—all those, at least, who address themselves to it as a staple, and who forego that policy which, long ago, seems to have dictated the diversion of a certain portion of our labor and capital, from an interest which is quite too general, and too peculiarly situated, to continue to be profitably pursued. What is obvious of the cotton growing States at large, seems to be particularly so in the case of South-Carolina. One of the 'Old Thirteen,' she was one of the first to suffer by that impatient and importunate sort of culture, which profligately laid waste the land in regard only to the uses and objects of the moment. With a productive capacity always and decidedly inferior to the rich loam bottoms of the great South-western valley, her virgin resources were much more easily and rapidly despoiled, and nothing but the

* Address delivered in Columbia before the State Agricultural Society on the Anniversary. By Robt. Wm. Roper, Nov. 28th, 1844. Columbia, S. C.—*Morgan's Press*, 1844.

most patient nursing, and the most economical husbandry, could possibly, or can now, sustain her people profitably in the farther cultivation of her soil. Her present hope, not to seem paradoxical, is grounded upon her present fears. Her people, at length, alarmed at their own waste, and the manifest decline of their fortunes, are becoming more economical and considerate of their lands. A better cultivation is slowly making its appearance. Manures are generally sought for and compounded. There is more diligence in the proprietor—less excess in expenditure of time and money; and we may note, here and there, increasing regard to stocks, to the introduction of new breeds, and to domestic manufactures. But the effects of these improvements, though really and largely beneficial, and destined to be still more so in the end, are yet not sufficiently apparent;—and the question is still asked despairingly—"what is to be done,—whither shall we turn—how renovate our declining fortunes?" It is well for us that the inquiry is made at a moment when a similar decline presses with equal weight over all those more fertile regions of the west, to which, under other circumstances, our people would most probably retreat. This fact teaches us that the paralysis of our fortune is not so much because of the inferior condition of our soil, as because of the peculiar fate of the commodity which we cultivate; and whether the price of cotton, and the distress of the grower, arise from the evil influence of a protective tariff on the one hand, or an enormous over-production on the other,—or both together, as we think it is very evident that we do not escape the evil by shifting our abodes and labor to other States. It is no object, at present prices of cotton, to abandon the old homestead, endeared to us by all the associations of youth and society, even though an increased return for our labor, in the more abundant growth of the soil, should attend upon the change; since this increase is more than counterbalanced by the superior advantages of society, education and domestic comfort, which are to be found in the familiar places of our present habitation. This reasoning is so apparent, that we are in little danger of losing our people by emigration; and the insecurity of property in some of the more fertile regions of the west, and the inferior value of money, are additional reasons why we should prefer to remain where we are, and manfully addressing ourselves to the novel necessities before us, endeavor to work out, satisfactorily for ourselves, the difficult problem of our own condition. Whether we shall stay where we are, and as we are,—stay and starve,—or, breaking ground in some new branches of industry, in art or tillage, make a farther experiment upon the capaci-

ties of our maternal soil,—is the question, which, whether spoken or not, must finally and soon be answered by a large class among us.

The oration of Mr. Robt. Wm. Roper, delivered in Columbia, at the late Session of the State Agricultural Society, is an attempt to furnish an answer to this and other questions, equally imperative, which the growing necessities of our people compel them to propound. This society, we may remark, is itself a creature of our exigencies; and, solely by individual effort, without patronage of any kind, whether from the State, or from communities, has done essential service within its means, in the promotion of a better system of farming, in the improvement of stocks, modes of culture, and domestic manufactures,—thus indicating, by the way, a just consciousness of what was really wanting to our planting economy. The address of Mr. Roper is one, the merits of which are wholly practical. He does not seem to have been at all ambitious of oratory. His style is usually plain and business-like, and he speaks directly to his point. He tells us fairly “that one exclusive pursuit can alone never secure national greatness;—and we may add, “nor popular prosperity.” But these are truths, felt by our people, which they are yet not willing to believe. One of the real difficulties in our way is the reluctance of the popular mind, to acknowledge a necessity which threatens to disturb its repose, and compel it to new exertions. No argument, no mere effort of forethought, nothing short of the absolute pressing necessity, ever brings a people such as ours,—accustomed to prosperity, to habits of ease and the enjoyment of many luxuries—to any decisive alteration in their plans of labor, or the application of their capital. To such a people, staple cultivation presents the most grateful, as it is at once the most easy, and the most dignified sort of employment. Simple in itself, and once acquired, the plantation requires no new drilling—no daily painstaking and watchfulness—such as would be necessary to success in more various and more complicated employments. The slave goes to his task, which is easily performed, without needing instructions at every step; and the master yields himself to a routine which does not interfere with his ease, his leisure, and the perfect freedom of his social enjoyments. We must not wonder if it be found hard to teach the former a new business, and still harder to persuade the other to undertake his training for it. These are the first difficulties to be overcome; and the planter will believe any thing sooner than a necessity which promises to disturb his quiet, to limit his leisure, and to impose upon him new restraints with novel occupations. He will shut his

eyes resolutely to the fact of overproduction to an enormous degree,* and to other facts equally formidable in the way of the success of a people who engage in the cultivation of a staple, for which the merchant daily affords them the most satisfactory authorities. In saying this, let us not be understood as meaning to lessen in any way the degree of odium which a tariff of protection, such as that of 1842, naturally incurs and deserves to incur, from the people of the producing States, upon whom its burdens necessarily fall. The very term tariff of protection implies an injustice, since its only signification must declare the maintenance of a system at the expense of a portion of the people, when the only idea of good government in modern times, should imply the equal security of all. In this point of view, it is sufficiently odious; but, when, in its details, like the tariff of 1842, it violates even outward propriety—disdains even the disguise of ordinary deception, and barefacedly plants its burdens specifically upon the shoulders of one of the great interests—the greatest interest of the country—to the omission and for the protection of all the rest—then it is difficult for language to declare its offensiveness, as it is difficult for a free people with patience to endure it. On this subject, we could have wished that Mr. Roper had spoken out more strongly. That he thinks with us we know, and that he has foreborne the subject only because of the great importance which he attaches to the economical system which he inculcates, we can readily understand; but the slight manner in which he speaks of the tariff injuries, may persuade many to consider him as regarding it in a less unfavorable light than he does, and may prompt others to assume for him a position, in relation to the subject, which we are well aware he would be sorry to be suspected of. His language is sufficiently decided and comprehensive; but the vulgar understanding needs dilation, and, at a time like this, it is always better to be guilty of a little surplusage, than to be thought to say too little of a vital interest. Unquestionably, the protective system is a most oppressive and burdensome abuse, which it becomes our statesmen generally to unite against, with all their vigor,

* But the cotton is all sold, says the grower, and how can there be overproduction? Yes, but it is sold at such prices as leave you ruined; and the degraded price may as effectually prove overproduction, as if the article were not sold at all. It is in the excessive cheapness of the commodity, that the manufacturer is tempted to buy, since he is thus encouraged to hope, as he in turn can make his manufactures correspondingly cheap, for a proportionate increase of consumers for his own fabrics. But you see no avidity in the purchaser. He buys at his leisure, and the new crop treads upon the heels of its predecessor before one-third of it has disappeared from the market.

with a resolution to throw it off almost at any hazard, as dangerous to our interests, detrimental to our resources, and offensive to our pride. Such is certainly the duty before them, and they should pursue it with unswerving industry, and a vigilance that suffers no opportunity to escape in directing their blows upon it. But while they thus busy themselves in warfare against the foe without, it is only becoming to yield some degree of regard to counsels of domestic policy at home. This address of Mr. Roper speaks to this point, and our statesmen will do well not to suffer the people to deceive themselves by the notion, [that the whole amount of their misfortunes is due to the partial and unjust policy of the Federal Government.] It is difficult to say how much or how little of our evil is due to this source. That the amount of tax paid to the support of the Northern manufacturer, by the Southern planter, is exceedingly great, we have no question. A larger amount yet is yielded in the gradual loss to us of foreign markets, in which, as our policy denies to them a legitimate system of free trade, it becomes their policy to buy as little of our produce as they possibly can, unless when tempted to this purchase by prices ruinously low as now; and which this very refusal on our part, to trade upon proper terms, thus wretchedly serves to reduce. But with these admissions made, it is still not to be denied that there is a leading error at the root of our own system of staple culture, to the utter exclusion of farming and manufactures, which will always tend, if persisted in, to make us subordinate to our neighbors. The nice and difficult task is before us, to maintain our hostility equally against the two influences, which, as we conceive, operate against the interests of the slave-holding States—the tariff on the one hand and overproduction, in consequence of staple culture, on the other. Even were the tariff utterly abolished—suppose, as we could sincerely wish,—the whole revenue system, by indirect taxation, utterly done away with, and, in its place, a revenue drawn from the several State authorities, and derived by them from the people in the same manner with their own resources, and at the same time—yet we should be very far from placing our people in that condition of prosperity, which their labor and capital might rightly command, if addressed to objects of diversified industry. We might save to South-Carolina two millions of dollars per annum—we should gain by this the difference between English and New-England prices, on the several articles which we should import,—with such farther gain as must accrue to us from the increased energy and liberality, which a proper system of free trade would impart to foreign manufacturers and markets; and this gain, not

computed in dollars, would accrue from the fact, that there would then be little or no overproduction acknowledged in the cotton crop; but the relative ability of South-Carolina and Georgia to enter the cotton markets of Great Britain and France, with the more abundantly producing valleys of the South-West, would be very questionable, and we should find ourselves in a subordinate position in this relation, which would tend ultimately to make our people discontented, and to cause the loss to us of a very large portion of our slaves. Assuming a change of circumstances, such as indicated, and that we still continued the cultivation of cotton, would not our poor lands everywhere be abandoned by the planter for those of other States which promise better to reward his labor? It is a characteristic of labor to seek its level, as certainly as it is that of water, and if our people did not emigrate, but continued in the same pursuit at home, they would contend with rivals, in possession of far superior resources—resources equally of soil and climate,—longer seasons, unexhausted lands, and, not less important to the money-getter, a ruder and less expensive manner of life. These relative disadvantages would leave us greatly in arrear, and the inevitable result would be to lose to us all that portion of the slave labor, which worked to little profit among us. The slave who, in South-Carolina, makes but three bales of short cotton, weighing three hundred and thirty pounds, would raise in Alabama, at least twice that quantity. While the slave in Carolina, averages in picking, not more than seventy-five pounds *per diem*, that of the same laborer in Alabama, is at least one hundred and fifty—the more luxuriant growth in the one region than the other, being the simple cause of difference, since, to use the phrase of the Gaul when besieging Rome, “thick grass is easier cut than thin.” This relative superiority, in the application of the same labor, in one region more than in another, must inevitably, in process of time, draw off this capital to the more prolific region; unless we counteract the certainty by the discovery of new and equally productive employments, in the region which acknowledges the disadvantage. This result, even if it were not commonly understood as one of the certain laws of social economy, was felt long ago, and at a time when cotton brought thrice the amount which it produces now. All the native increase of South-Carolina was carried off by emigration, and nothing more effectually saves us from utter depopulation now, by emigration, than the despicable price of the commodity, in cultivating which, all the slave-holding regions are engaged. The population of South-Carolina has undergone little or no increase since the acquisition of Lou-

isiana, and it is a point to be remembered and remarked, that it is only now, when our staple has sunk into insignificance, that our census exhibits any thing, in this respect, which may be construed into domestic encouragement. Our people have grown indifferent to a remove, from which, under no circumstances now, can much profit be expected. Emigration has ceased accordingly, and, so far as South-Carolina is interested, this is a subject of congratulation and hope. It is now for us to determine, by patient investigation, and a becoming disregard of all prejudices, to ask and to ascertain, by what means we shall best succeed in keeping our people at home, in husbanding their resources, and in making them—not a wealthy people, for that is not the legitimate object either of government or moral philosophy—but a contented and improving people.

This inquiry is urged by Mr. Roper in a correct and reasoning spirit. He properly insists upon a diversion of our capital and labor, in some degree, to other objects of profit and economy—recommends the substitution, to a certain extent, of the farming for the planting system, and insists upon the introduction of manufactures. That the cultivation of a staple will never make a people prosperous, we have sufficient proofs in foreign history, even if our own did not suffice. In our brief career of little more than one hundred and fifty years, we have addressed (in South-Carolina,) our united industry, as a people, to the cultivation of indigo, tobacco and cotton. One of these has been superseded by the other, until the last only has been left us. And where are we,—and what is our prosperity? These commodities have been each, for a time, of abundant profit, and they were accordingly produced in abundance. Individuals grew rich, but the great body of the people remained poor,—striving with debt, and against evil days and ruinous exigencies, which they were only too happy to stave off during their own lives, leaving the miserable and startling inheritance of insolvency to their children. Our fortunes were those of every people, in whatever circle they may have been warmed by the bright sun, who did not, within their own boundaries, raise the materials for their own food and clothing. In this simple sentence seems to lie the very root and secret of national prosperity:—“*Feed and clothe yourselves.*” Let your staple be what you please,—let it be gold, if you please—the staple which the Spaniard curses as the ruin of his own great nation, not because it was gold, but because it was his staple—and the results are still the same. It is in the diversifying of our pursuits that we are prosperous. It is in the possession of numerous small, rather than in one great resource—in always being indepen-

dent of one's neighbors, their competitions and their tariffs,—that we find the legitimate secret of national independence. The quaint language of Lord Bacon puts the material of popular prosperity in a compass equally brief and comprehensive. "There are," says he, "three things which one nation selleth to another;—the commodity as it is yielded by nature, the manufacture, and the *vature* or carriage; so," he adds—"if these three wheels go, wealth will flow in like a spring tide." Of these wheels, the Southern people have but one; and, greater deficiency still, they lack those domestic productions which Lord Bacon seems to have taken for granted, must be produced, by every people within their own borders. It is not merely the *vature* and the manufacture—the commerce and the invention,—that we owe to our neighbors; but the very material for working our crops, tilling our farms, feeding our cattle, and the cattle themselves. Our very ploughs are brought us in large numbers from the North; and, look at the following humiliating table of our imports, as furnished by Mr. Roper in the appendix to his address—commodities, many of which it would seem impossible for any agricultural people, with any pride, or sensible to any shame, to be indebted for to other States,

Corn,	300,000 bushels,	-	-	-	\$150,000
Oats,	100,000 "	-	-	-	30,000
Peas,	40,000 "	-	-	-	24,000
Hay,	25,900 bundles,	-	-	-	74,478
Bacon,	5,000 hhds.	-	-	-	300,000
Lard,	20,000 kegs,	-	-	-	60,000
Butter,		-	-	-	225,000
Flour,	52,000 bbls.	-	-	-	260,000
Cheese,		-	-	-	30,000
Ploughs and garden implements,		-	-	-	20,000
Horses, mules, cattle and hogs,		-	-	-	1,775,000
Shoes for negroes,		-	-	-	1,081,709
Hats " "		-	-	-	340,000
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					\$4,371,187

Here then, are more than four millions of dollars sent abroad for commodities, the greater portion of which seem absolutely inevitable from the employments of agriculture. With the exception of hats and shoes, it would seem almost impossible that all the rest should not

naturally grow out of the land, and accumulate upon it, when the whole body of the people are engaged in tillage. Nothing here is said of beef, (corned) onions, cabbages, garden seeds, and a hundred other items, all of which, the proper and easy product of the soil at home, are imported from New-England, at an annual cost of several hundred thousand dollars; and we have omitted from the table such other articles as sugar, molasses, hard-ware, furniture, building materials, lime, granite, mechanical labor,—most of which, by a small diversion of capital from its present unprofitable direction, might be procured among ourselves, by our own industry, in the greatest abundance, and at no greater cost than the imported article demands. These items are indicated as being of a class or classes, the production of which would be somewhat incident to our present industry; as calling, in fact, for little outlay of capital, and involving no greater degree of ingenuity and skill than are even now in the possession of our agricultural population. The next question which occurs, is one which we should not care to put, but that we are assured that our destinies will force it upon us before we are ready with the answer. How far is South-Carolina prepared to engage in other labors, to change, in radical respects, her economy, and yield to suggestions which involve large experiments in occupations with which her people are yet unfamiliar? In this unfamiliarity consists our difficulty. We have to overcome a natural reluctance in our people, as already said, to depart from a routine, in which they found ease and leisure, which, grateful to them at the first, have become habits, to rid themselves of which, will require much more moral than pecuniary capital. But the necessity for this effort is at hand, and we should advance, like a brave people to encounter it.

We are reminded by Mr. Roper, that the mountain region of South-Carolina is as well endowed, by copious water power, for the introduction of manufactures, as any portion of the habitable globe. With considerable resources in minerals, with the raw cotton on the spot, with iron in abundance—in a region of unqualified salubrity—in a climate of exquisite purity and blandness—with peculiar facilities by land and water for conveyance and export—with rail-roads that are easily accessible from two-thirds of the State, and rivers easily made navigable to the sea,—a hardy people, economical and accustomed to labor;—there lacks nothing but an impulse to the will and enterprise, to place the inhabitants of this region of the State, infinitely above the caprices and the prostration of the cotton market—free from any necessity to attempt to better their fortunes, by passing from one cot-

ton country to another. Large capital may be wanting at first, but capital is never slow in finding its way to places where it can meet with profitable investment. But large capital is not necessary. Our manufacturers may, and should, begin cautiously, with a small outlay, and should contemplate only the coarser fabrics—such fabrics as the hard hands of the grown negro can manage without awkwardness. The finer fabrics, after some experience on the part of proprietors, may be entrusted to young negroes between the ages of eight and fourteen; and their employment, by the way, would afford us a capital, of which, under existing circumstances, we make but little use. The young negro is seldom called to service until twelve or fourteen, and does not often take the field, as a ploughboy, until after the latter age. Yarn, domestics, bagging, sheeting, canvass for ships, calicoes—these, and numerous other articles of like sort, may all be manufactured at comparatively small outlay of capital, and of superior quality, in any of the middle, or the mountainous districts of the State; and, with the cotton on the spot, with the labor of a sort which must receive its food and clothing from the proprietor, which cannot clamor for higher wages, nor “strike” on their denial,—for which there is no necessity for “working short,”—there is just reason to suppose that the advantages must be greatly with us in our competition with the labor of the free States. Iron manufactures, potteries and numerous others, might, with the former, successfully diversify the labor of the mountain country, and place it above the reach of exigencies, such as now result from government injustice and our overproduction. Nor are the resources of the lower and middle country at all inferior. In much of its culture, its rice, and certain of its staples, it is always secure from rivalry. Its bread stuffs will always command a market, and its sea island cottons will always be a preferred fabric. Its obvious policy, where the lands are not sufficiently rich to justify the continued cultivation of uplands, will be to convert them into farming spots, and by marling, and by dint of high manuring, subject them to that thorough tillage which they have never yet received. The farming policy, thus practised, will have a two-fold advantage. It will admit of a dense population; and a population sufficiently dense, properly, to drain a country, will make it a healthy one. Besides, the poorer regions of our low country are generally healthy. The districts of Lexington, Barnwell, Richland, Orangeburg, and a greater part of Colleton, are not unfavorable to European life, unless immediately upon the water courses, and these are generally rich enough to encourage the planter still in the culti-

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vation of the short cottons. In all of these districts, it would require but little effort, and few sacrifices, to introduce the farming practice. There is no reason—unless it be the deficiency of certain facilities for market, which a liberal State Legislature might easily and should supply by the opening of roads and rivers,—why they should not all become, in greater or less degree, tributary to the wants of the cities and towns upon the sea-board. Charleston is now supplied with corn of an inferior quality from North-Carolina and Maryland; with cattle, hogs and bacon from Kentucky and Tennessee; with lard and butter, cheese and flour, from the North; with hay and with onions from New-England; and these to the amount of several millions. Not one of these but might be raised in abundance for her use, in one or other of the three distinct divisions of our State. The middle country, a plain region, with rich swamps, and fine grassy tracts, is particularly suited to the raising of mules, horses and hogs, sufficient, not only for domestic supply, but for large foreign exportation; and the breeds thus raised in these districts, are notorious among us for a hardihood, an elasticity, and power of endurance, particularly in warm climates, which is not the case with those brought from Tennessee and the Northern States. An increased attention to this interest, would be an almost inevitable consequence of grafting the farming upon our present system of cultivation. If this were to take place only to the extent which would enable us to provide for home consumption, it would save to the State, annually, the sum of two millions now paid, almost wholly in money, to the people of North-Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, for horses, mules and cattle.

But we must dismiss the subject without exhausting it,—nay, without doing more than glancing, almost at hazard, at one or two of its heads. Of the effect of a change such as is here suggested in our planting system, in a thousand points of view, we can say nothing—of its increase to our population, of their superior comforts, the better taste and beauty in their households, the greater attractions of home,—these must be left to suggest themselves to the thoughtful-minded, as they discuss the necessities before them. On one point, however, we must insist,—that staple cultivation must always, in the end, be fatal to every nation, even, as we have said already, where the commodity is gold itself. Unless a people feeds and clothes themselves, they will always be pinched in their fortunes. A few among them may arrive at wealth, and live in luxury, but the greater number will always remain poor. A nation which makes but one thing, to

exchange for every thing else, that she naturally wants, will always be at the mercy of her neighbors. We need not be so a moment longer than we please; and it is our conviction, as it is our hope, that we shall not be so very long. The very anxiety of our people as to their condition, is a favorable sign, and the discontent which leads to exertion and enterprise, is, like fever, a friendly showing that the system is trying to throw off its burdens. At all events, agitation, in a time of distress, is much more wholesome than apathy, and we may rejoice that the State Agricultural Society, and our leading men, are active in their endeavors to keep up a proper excitement on the subject of our condition.

THE FOREST RANGER.

My country is my mistress,
 And in her beauties rare,
 I read the sweetest hist'ries
 That make a loved one dear;
 Her charms invite to glory,
 They won the brave of yore,
 And link'd with gallant story,
 Shall win forever more:—
 My heart, my heart, dear mistress,
 My heart is at thy feet.

Do foemen gaze upon thee,
 With eager eye to spoil,
 And wrest thy glory from thee,
 And trample on thy soil;—
 Ho! let me hear thy summons,—
 But lift thy spear and cry,
 'Let him who loves his country,
 Come battle in her eye,'—
 My sword, my sword, dear mistress,
 My sword is at thy feet.

I'm but a forest ranger,
 With cloak and cap awry,
 But in the hour of danger,
 I'll do for thee or die;
 The charms that won our sires,
 Are fresh and sweet to me,
 As when, through thousand fires,
 Their brave hearts set thee free:—
 My life, my life, dear mistress,
 My life is at thy feet.

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THOSE OLD LUNES!

OR, WHICH IS THE MADMAN?

"I am but mad, North—North-West: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."—HAMLET.

I.

WE had spent a merry night of it. Our stars had paled their *not* ineffectual fires, only in the daylight; and while Dan Phœbus was yet rising, "jocund on the misty mountains top," I was busy in adjusting my foot in the stirrup—mounting my good steed "Priam," to find my way by a close cut, and through narrow Indian trails, to my lodgings in the little town of C.—on the very borders of Mississippi. There were a dozen of us, all merry larks, half mad with wine and laughter, and the ride of seven miles proved a short one. In less than two hours, I was snugly snoozing in my own sheets, and dreaming of the twin daughters of old Hansford Owens.

Well might one dream of such precious damsels. Verily, they seemed all of a sudden, to have become a part of my existence. They filled my thoughts, excited my imagination,—and, if it be not an impertinence to say any thing of the heart of a roving lad of eighteen,—then were they at the very bottom of mine.—Both of them, let me say,—for they were twins, and were endowed with equal rights by nature. I was not yet prepared to say what was the difference, if any, between their claims. One was fair, the other brown; one pensive, the other merry as the cricket of Venus. Susannah was meek, as became an Elder's daughter; Emmeline so mischievous, that she might well have worried the meekest of the saints in the calendar from his propriety and position. I confess, though I thought constantly of Susannah, I always looked after Emmeline the first. She was the brunette—one of your flashing, sparkling, effervescing beauties,—perpetually running over with exultation—brimfull of passionate fancies that tripped, on tiptoe, half winged, through her thoughts. She was a creature to make your blood bound in your bosom,—to take you entirely off your feet, and fancy, for the moment, that your heels are quite as much entitled to dominion as your head. Lovely too,—brilliant, if not absolutely perfect in features—he kept you always in a sort of sunlight. She sung well, talked well, danced well—was always in air—seemed never herself to lack repose, and, it must be confessed, seldom suffered it to any body else. Her dancing has the crowning grace and glory. She was no Taglioni—not an Ellsler—I do not pretend that. But she was a born *artiste*. Every

motion was a study. Every look was life. Her form subsided into the sweetest luxuriance of attitude, and rose into motion with some such exquisite buoyancy, as would become Venus issuing from the foam. Her very affectations were so naturally worn, that you at length looked for them as essential to her charm. I confess—but no! Why should I do any thing so foolish?

Susannah was a very different creature. She was a fair girl—rather pale, perhaps, when her features were in repose. She had rich soft flaxen hair, and dark blue eyes. She looked rather than spoke. Her words were few, her glances many. She was not necessarily silent in silence. On the contrary, her very silence had frequently a significance, taken with her looks, that needed no help from speech. She seemed to look through you at a glance, yet there was a liquid sweetness in her gaze, that disarmed it of all annoyance. If Emmeline was the glory of the sunlight,—Susannah was the sovereign of the shade. If the song of the one filled you with exultation, that of the other awakened all your tenderness. If Emmeline was the creature for the dance,—Susannah was the wooing, beguiling Egeria, who could snatch you from yourself in the moments of respite and repose. For my part, I felt that I could spend all my mornings with the former, and all my evenings with the latter. Susannah with her large, blue, tearful eyes, and few, murmuring and always gentle accents, shone out upon me at nightfall, as that last star that watches in the vault of night for the coming of the sapphire dawn.

So much for the damsels. And all these fancies, not to say feelings, were the fruit of but three short days acquaintance with their objects. But these were days when thoughts travel merrily and fast—when all that concerns the fancies and the affections, are caught up in a moment, as if the mind were nothing but a congeries of instincts, and the sensibilities, with a thousand delicate antennæ, were ever on the grasp for prey.

Squire Owens was a planter of tolerable condition. He was a widower, with these two lovely and lovable daughters—no more. But, bless you! Mine was no calculating heart. Very far from it. Neither the wealth of the father, nor the beauty of the girls, had yet prompted me to think of marriage. Life was pleasant enough as it was. Why burden it? Let well enough alone, say I. I had no wish to be happier. A wife never entered my thoughts. What might have come of being often with such damsels, there's no telling; but just then, it was quite enough to dance with Emmeline, and muse with Susannah, and—*vive la bagatelle!*

I need say nothing more of my dreams, since the reader sufficiently knows the subject. I slept late that day, and only rose in time for dinner, which, in that almost primitive region took place at 12 o'clock, M. I had no appetite. A herring and soda water might have sufficed, but these were matters foreign to the manor. I endured the day and headache together, as well as I could, slept soundly that night, with now the most ravishing fancies of Emmeline, and now the pleasantest dreams of Susannah, one or other of whom still usurped the place of a bright particular star in my most capricious fancy. Truth is, in those heyday days, my innocent heart never saw any terrors in polygamy. I rose a new man, refreshed and very eager for a start. I barely swallowed breakfast when Priam was at the door. While I was about to mount, with thoughts filled with the meek beauties of Susannah,—I was arrested by the approach of no less a person than Ephraim Strong, the village blacksmith.

"You're guine to ride, I sec."

"Yes."

"To Squire Owens, I reckon."

"Right."

"Well, keep a sharp look out on the road, for there's news come down that the famous Archy Dargan has broke Hamilton gaol."

"And who's Archy Dargan?"

"What! don't know Archy? Why, he's the madman that's been shut up there, its now guine on two years."

"A madman, eh?"

"Yes, and a mighty sevagerous one at that. He's the cunningest white man going. Talks like a book, and knows how to get out of a scrape,—is just as sensible as any man for a time, but, sudden, he takes a start, like a shying horse, and before you knows where you are, his heels are in your jaw. Once he blazes out, its knife or gun, hatchet or hickory—any thing he can lay hands on. He's kill'd two men already, and cut another's throat a'most to killing. He's an ugly chap to meet on the road, so look out right and left."

"What sort of man is he?"

"In looks?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I reckon, he's about your haft. He's young and tallish, with a fair skin, brown hair, and a mighty quick keen blue eye, that never looks steddily nowhere. Look sharp for him. The sheriff with his 'pose-you-come-and-take-us'—is out after him, but he's mighty cute to dodge, and had the start some twelve hours afore they missed him."

II.

The information thus received did not disquiet me. After the momentary reflection that it might be awkward to meet a madman, out of bounds, upon the highway, I quickly dismissed the matter from my mind. I had no room for any but pleasant meditations. The fair Sannah was now uppermost in my dreaming fancies, and, reversing the grasp upon my whip, the ivory handle of which, lined with an ounce or two of lead, seemed to me a sufficiently effective weapon for the worst of dangers, I bade my friendly blacksmith farewell, and dashed forward upon the high road. A smart canter soon took me out of the settlement, and, once in the woods, I recommended myself with all the happy facility of youth, to its most pleasant and beguiling imaginings. I suppose I had ridden a mile or more—the story of the bedlamite was gone utterly from my thought—when a sudden turn in the road showed me a person, also mounted, and coming towards me at an easy trot, some twenty-five or thirty yards distant. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was a plain farmer or woodman, clothed in simple homespun, and riding a short heavy chunk of an animal, that had just been taken from the plough. The rider was a spare, long legged person, probably thirty years or thereabouts. He looked innocent enough, wearing that simple, open-mouthed sort of countenance, the owner of which, we assume, at a glance, will never set any neighboring stream on fire. He belonged evidently to a class as humble as he was simple,—but I had been brought up in a school which taught that the claims of poverty were quite as urgent upon courtesy as those of wealth. Accordingly, as we neared each other, I prepared to bestow upon him the usual civil recognition of the highway. What is it Scott says—I am not sure that I quote him rightly—

“When men in distant forests meet,
They pass not as in peaceful street.”

And, with the best of good humor, I rounded my lips into a smile, and got ready my salutation. To account somewhat for its effect when uttered, I must premise that my own personal appearance at this time, was rather wild and impressive. My face was full of laughter and my manners of buoyancy. My hair was very long, and fell in masses upon my shoulder, unrestrained by the cap which I habitually wore, and which, as I was riding under heavy shade trees, was grasped in my hand along with my riding whip. As the stranger drew nigh, the arm was extended, cap and whip lifted in air, and with free, gene-

rous lungs, I shouted—"good morning, my friend,—how wags the world with you to-day?"

The effect of this address was prodigious. The fellow gave no answer,—not a word, not a syllable—not the slightest nod of the head,—but *tout au contraire*. But for the dilating of his amazed pupils, and the dropping of his lower jaw, his features might have been chiselled out of stone. They wore an expression amounting to consternation, and I could see that he caught up his bridle with increased alertness, bent himself to the saddle, half drew up his horse, and then, as if suddenly resolved, edged him off, as closely as the woods would allow, to the opposite side of the road. The under growth was too thick to allow of his going into the wood at the spot where we encountered, or he certainly would have done so. Somewhat surprised at this, I said something, I cannot now recollect what, the effect of which was even more impressive upon him than my former speech. The heads of our horses were now nearly parallel—the road was an ordinary wagon track, say twelve feet wide—I could have brushed him with my cap as we passed, and waving it still aloft, he seemed to fancy that such was my intention,—for, inclining his whole body on the off side of his nag, as the Cumanche does when his aim is to send an arrow at his enemy beneath his neck—his heels thrown back, though spurless, were made to belabor with the most surprising rapidity, the flanks of his drowsy animal. And not without some effect. The creature dashed first into a trot, then into a canter, and finally into a gallop, which, as I was bound one way and he the other, soon threw a considerable space between us.

"The fellow's mad!" was my reflection and speech, as, wheeling my horse half about, I could see him looking backward, and driving his heels still into the sides of his reluctant hack. The next moment gave me a solution of the matter. The simple countryman had heard of the bedlamite from Hamilton jail. My bare head, the long hair flying in the wind, my buoyancy of manner, and the hearty, and, perhaps, novel form of salutation with which I addressed him, had satisfied him that I was the person. As the thought struck me, I resolved to play the game out, and, with a restless love of levity which has been too frequently my error, I put the whip over my horse's neck, and sent him forward in pursuit. My nag was a fine one, and very soon the space was lessened between me and the chase. As he heard the footfalls behind, the frightened fugitive redoubled his exertions. He laid himself to it, his heels paddling in the sides of his donkey with redoubled industry. And thus I kept him for a good

mile, until the first houses of the settlement grew visible in the distance. I then once more turned upon the path to the Owens', laughing merrily at the rare chase, and the undisguised consternation of the countryman. The story afforded ample merriment to my fair friends Emmeline and Susannah. "It was so ridiculous that one of my appearance should be taken for a madman. The silly fellow deserved the scare." On these points we were all perfectly agreed. That night we spent charmingly. The company did not separate till near one o'clock. We had fun and fiddles. I danced by turns with the twins, and more than once with a Miss Gridley, a very pretty girl, who was present. Squire Owens was in the best of humors, and, no ways loth, I was made to stay all night.

III.

A new day of delight dawned upon us with the next. Our breakfast made a happy family picture, which I began to think it would be cruel to interrupt. So snugly did I sit beside Emmeline, and so sweetly did Susannah minister at the coffee urn, and so patriarchally did the old man look around upon the circle, that my meditations were all in favor of certain measures for perpetuating the scene. The chief difficulty seemed to be, in the way of a choice between the sisters.

"How happy could one be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

I turned now from one to the other, only to become more bewildered. The lively glance and playful remark of Emmeline, her love smiling visage, and buoyant, unpremeditative air, were triumphant always while I beheld them; but the pensive, earnest look of Susannah, the mellow cadences of her tones, seemed always to sink into my soul, and were certainly remembered longest. Present, Emmeline was irresistible; absent, I thought chiefly of Susannah. Breakfast was fairly over before I came to a decision. We adjourned to the parlour,—and there, with Emmeline at the piano, and Susannah with her Coleridge in hand—her favorite poet—I was quite as much distracted as before. The bravura of the one swept me completely off my feet. And when I pleaded with the other to read me the touching poem of "Genevieve"—her low, subdued and exquisitely modulated utterance, so touching, so true to the plaintive and seductive sentiment, so harmonious even when broken, so thrilling even when most checked and hushed, was quite as little to be withstood. Like the ass betwixt two bundles of hay, my eyes wandered from one to the other, uncertain where to fix. And thus passed the two first hours after breakfast.

The third brought an acquisition to our party. We heard the trampling of horses feet in the court below, and all hurried to the windows, to see the new comer. We had but a glimpse of him—a tall, good looking personage, about thirty years of age, with great whiskers, and a huge military cloak. Squire Owens met him in the reception room, and they remained some half hour or three quarters together. It was evidently a business visit. The girls were all agog to know what it was about, and I was mortified to think that Emmeline was now far less eager to interest me than before. She now turned listlessly over the pages of her music book, or strummed upon the keys of her piano, with the air of one whose thoughts were elsewhere. Susannah did not seem so much disturbed,—she still continued to draw my attention to the more pleasing passages of the poet; but I could see, or I fancied, that even she was somewhat curious as to the coming of the stranger. Her eyes turned occasionally to the parlor door at the slightest approaching sound, and she sometimes looked in my face with a vacant eye, when I was making some of my most favorable points of conversation.

At length there was a stir within, a buz and the scraping of feet. The door was thrown open, and, ushered by the father, the stranger made his appearance. His air was rather *distingué*. His person was well made, tall and symmetrical. His face was martial and expressive. His complexion was of a rich dark brown; his eye was grey, large, and restless—his hair thin, and dishevelled. His carriage was very erect; his coat, which was rather seedy, was close buttoned to his chin. His movements were quick and impetuous, and seemed to obey the slightest sound, whether of his own, or of the voices of others. He entered the company with the manner of an old acquaintance; certainly, with that of a man who had always been conversant with the best society. His ease was unobtrusive,—a polite deference invariably distinguishing his deportment whenever he had occasion to address the ladies. Still, he spoke as one having authority. There was a lordly something in his tones,—an emphatic assurance in his gesture,—that seemed to settle every question; and, after a little while, I found that hereafter, if I played on any fiddle at all in that presence, it was certainly not to be the first. Emmeline and Susannah had ears for me no longer. There was a something of impatience in the manner of the former whenever I spoke, as if I had only interrupted much pleasanter sounds; and, even Susannah, the meek Susannah, put down her Coleridge upon a stool, and seemed all attention, only for the imposing stranger.

The effect upon the old man was scarcely less agreeable. Col. Nelson,—so was the stranger called—had come to see about the purchase of his upper mill-house tract—a body of land containing some four thousand acres, the sale of which was absolutely necessary to relieve him from certain incumbrances. From the conversation which he had already had with his visitor, it appeared that the preliminaries would be of easy adjustment, and Squire Owens was in the best of all possible humours. It was nothing but Col. Nelson,—Col. Nelson. The girls did not seem to need this influence, though they evidently perceived it; and, in the course of the first half hour after his introduction, I felt myself rapidly becoming *de trop*. The stranger spoke in passionate bursts,—at first in low tones,—with halting, hesitating manner, then, as if the idea were fairly grasped, he dilated into a torrent of utterance, his voice rising with his thought, until he started from his chair and confronted the listener. I cannot deny that there was a richness in his language, a warmth and color in his thought, which fascinated while it startled. It was only when he had fairly ended that one began to ask what had been the provocation to so much warmth, and whether the thought to which we had listened was legitimately the growth of previous suggestions. But I was in no mood to listen to the stranger, or to analyze what he said. I found my situation quite too mortifying—a mortification which was not lessened, when I found that neither of the two damsels said a word against my proposed departure. Had they shown but the slightest solicitude, I might have been reconciled to my temporary obscurity. But no! they suffered me to rise and declare my purpose, and made no sign. A cold courtesy from them, and a stately and polite bow from Col. Nelson, acknowledged my parting salutation, and Squire Owens attended me to the threshold, and lingered with me till my horse was got in readiness. As I dashed through the gateway, I could hear the rich voice of Emmeline swelling exultingly with the tones of her piano, and my fancy presented me with the images of Col. Nelson, hanging over her on one hand, while the meek Susannah on the other, was casting those oblique glances upon him which had so frequently been addressed to me. “Ah! pestilent jades,” I exclaimed in the bitterness of a boyish heart; “this then is the love of woman.”

IV.

Chewing such bitter cud as this, I had probably ridden a good mile, when suddenly I heard the sound of human voices, and looking

up discovered three men, mounted, and just in front of me. They had hauled up, and were seemingly waiting my approach. A buzzing conversation was going on among them. "That's he!" said one. "Sure?" was the question of another. A whistle at my very side caused me to turn my head, and as I did so, my horse was caught by the bridle, and I received a severe blow from a club above my ears, which brought me down, almost unconscious, upon the ground. In an instant, two stout fellows were upon me, and busy in the praiseworthy toil of roping me, hands and feet, where I lay. Hurt, stung, and utterly confounded by the surprise, I was not prepared to suffer this indignity. I made manful struggle, and for a moment succeeded in shaking off both assailants. But another blow, taking effect upon my temples, and dealt with no moderate appliance of hickory, left me insensible. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in a cart, my hands tied behind me, my head bandaged with a red cotton handkerchief, and my breast and arms covered with blood. A stout fellow rode beside me in the cart, while another drove, and on each side of the vehicle trotted a man, well armed with a double barrelled gun.

"What does all this mean," I demanded. "Why am I here? Why this assault? What do you mean to do with me?"

"Don't be obstroplous" said one of the men. "We don't mean to hurt you; only put you safe. We had to tap you on the head a little, for your own good."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, the feeling of that unhappy tapping upon the head, making me only the sorer at every moment—"but will you tell me what this is for, and in what respect did my good require that my head should be broken."

"It might have been worse for you, where you was onbeknown," replied the spokesman,—“but we knowd your sitation, and sarved you off easily. Be quiet now, and ——."

"What do you mean—what is my situation."

"Well, I reckon we know. Only you be quiet, or we'll have to give you the skin."

And he held aloft a huge wagon whip as he spoke. I had sufficient proof already of the unscrupulousness with which my companions acted, not to be very chary of giving them farther provocation, and, in silent misgiving, I turned my head to the opposite side of the vehicle. The first glance in this quarter revealed to me the true history of my disaster, and furnished an ample solution of the whole mystery. Who should I behold but the very fellow whom I had chased into town the

day before. The truth was now apparent. I had been captured as the stray bedlamite from Hamilton jail. It was because of this that I had been "tapped on the head—only for my own good." As the conjecture flashed upon me, I could not avoid laughter, particularly as I beheld the still doubtful and apprehensive visage of the man beside me. My laughter had a very annoying effect upon all parties. It was a more fearful sign than my anger might have been. The fellow whom I had scared, edged a little farther from the cart, and the man who had played spokesman, and upon whom the whole business seemed to have devolved, now shook his whip again—"None of that, my lad," said he, "or I'll have to bruise you again. Don't be obstreperous."

"You've taken me up for a madman, have you," said I.

"Well, I reckon you ought to know what you are. There's no disputing it."

"And this silly fellow has made you believe it?"

"Reckon!"

"You've made a great mistake."

"Don't think it."

"But you have: Only take me to C——, and I'll prove it by General Cocke, himself, or Squire Humphries, or any body in the town."

"No! no! my friend,—that cock won't fight. We aint misdoubting at all, but you're the right man. You answers all the descriptions, and Jake Sturgis here, has made his affidavit that you chased him, neck and neck, as mad as any blind puppy in a dry September, for an hour by sun yesterday. We don't want no more proof."

"And where do you mean to carry me?" I enquired, with all the coolness I was master of.

"Well, we'll put you up in a pen we've got a small piece from here; and when the sheriff comes, he'll take you back to your old quarters at Hamilton jail, where I reckon they'll fix you a little tighter than they had you before. We've sent after the sheriff, and his "pose-you-come-and-take-us," and I reckon they'll be here about sun-down."

v.

Here was a "sitation" indeed. Burning with indignation, I was yet sufficiently master of myself to see that any ebullition of rage on my part, would only confirm the impressions which they had received of my insanity. I said little therefore, and that little was confined to an attempt to explain the chase of yesterday, which Jake Sturgis had

made the subject of such a mischievous "affidavy." But as I could not do this without laughter, I incurred the danger of the whip. My laugh was ominous.—Jake edged off once more to the road side; the man beside me, got his bludgeon in readiness, and the potent wagon whip of the leader of the party, was uplifted in threatening significance. Laughter was clearly out of the question, and it naturally ceased on my part, as I got in sight of the "*pen*" in which I was to be kept secure. This structure is one well known to the less civilized regions of the country. It is a common place of safe keeping in the absence of gaols and proper officers. It is called technically a "bull pen," and consists of huge logs, roughly put together, crossing at right angles, forming a hollow square,—the logs too massy to be removed, and the structure too high to be climbed, particularly if the prisoner should happen to be, like myself, fairly tied up hand and foot together. I relucted terribly at being put into this place. I pleaded urgently, struggled fiercely, and was thrust in neck and heels without remorse; and, in sheer hopelessness and vexation, I lay with my face prone to the earth, and half buried among the leaves, weeping, I shame to confess it, the bitter tears of impotence and mortification.

Meantime, the news of my capture went through the country;—not *my* capture, mark me, but that of the famous madman, Archy Dargan, who had broke Hamilton jail. This was an event, and visitors began to collect. My captors, who kept watch on the outside of my den, had their hands full in answering questions. Man, woman and child; Squire and ploughboy finally, dames and damsels, accumulated around me, and such a throng of eyes, as pierced the crevices of my log dungeon, to see the strange monster by whom they were threatened, now disarmed of his terrors, were,—to use the language of one of my keepers—"a power to calkilate." This was not the smallest part of my annoyance. The logs were sufficiently far apart to suffer me to see and to be seen, and I crouched closer to my rushes, and buried my face more thoroughly than ever, if possible, to screen my dishonored visage from their curious scrutiny. This conduct mightily offended some of the visitors.

"I can't see his face," said one."

"Stir him with a long pole!"—and I was greatly in danger of being treated as a surly bear, refusing to dance for his keeper; since one of mine seemed very much disposed to gratify the spectator, and had actually begun sharpening the end of a ten foot hickory, for the purpose of pricking me into more sociableness. He was prevented from

carrying his generous design into effect by the suggestion of one of his companions.

"Better don't, Bosh; if ever he should git out agen, he'd put his 'ear mark upon you."

"Reckon you're right," was the reply of the other, as he laid his rod out of sight.

Meanwhile, the people came and went, each departing visitor sending others. A couple of hours might have elapsed leaving me in this humiliating situation, chained to the stake, the beast of a bear garden, with fifty greedy and still dissatisfied eyes upon me. Of these, fully one half were of the tender gender;—some pitied me, some laughed, and all congratulated themselves that I was safely laid by the heels, incapable of farther mischief. It was not the most agreeable part of their remarks, to find that they all universally agreed that I was a most frightful looking object. Whether they saw my face or not, they all discovered that I glared frightfully upon them, and I heard one or two of them ask, in under tones, "did you see his teeth—how sharp!" I gnashed them with a vengeance all the while, you may be sure.

VI.

The last and worst humiliation was yet to come—that which put me for a long season out of humor with all human and woman nature. Conscious of an unusual degree of bustle without, I was suddenly startled with sounds of a voice that had been once pleasingly familiar. It was that of a female, a clear, soft, transparent sound, which, till this moment, had never been associated in my thoughts with any thing but the most perfect of all mortal melodies. It was now jangled harsh, like "sweet bells out of tune." The voice was that of Emmeline. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed to myself,—“can she be here?" In another instant, I heard that of Susannah—the meek Susannah,—she too was among the curious to examine the features of the bedlamite, Archy Dargan."

"Dear me," said Emmeline,—is he in that place?" "What a horrid place!" said Susannah.

"It's the very place for such a horrid creature," responded Emmeline.

"Can't he get out papa?" said Susannah. "Isn't a mad person very strong?"

"Oh! don't frighten a body, Susannah, before we have had a peep;"

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cried Emmeline, "I declare I'm afraid to look—do Col. Nelson peep first and see if there's no danger."

And there was the confounded Col. Nelson addressing his eyes to my person, and assuring his fair companions, my Emmeline, my Susannah, that there was no sort of danger,—that I was evidently in one of my fits of apathy.

"The paroxysm is off for the moment, ladies,—and even if he were violent, it is impossible that he should break through the pen. He seems quite harmless—you may look with safety."

"Yes, he's mighty quiet now, Miss,"—said one of my keepers encouragingly, "but it's all owing to a close sight of my whip. He was a guine to be obstreperous more than once, when I shook it over him—he's usen to it I reckon. You can always tell when the roaring fit is coming on—for he breaks out in such a dreadful sort of laughing."

"Ha! Ha!—he laughs does he—Ha! Ha!" such was the somewhat wild interruption offered by Col. Nelson himself. If my laugh produced such an effect upon my keeper, his had a very disquieting effect upon me. But, the instinctive conviction that Emmeline and Susannah were now gazing upon me, prompted me with a sort of fascination, to lift my head and look for them. I saw their eyes quite distinctly. Bright treacheries! I could distinguish between them—and there were those of Col. Nelson beside them, the three persons evidently in close propinquity.

"What a dreadful looking creature!" said Susannah. "Dreadful!" said Emmeline,—*"I see nothing so dreadful in him. He seems tame enough. I'm sure, if that's a madman, I don't see why people should be afraid of them."*

"Poor man, how bloody he is!" said Susannah.

"We had to tap him, Miss, a leetle upon the head, to bring him quiet. He's tame and innocent now, but you should see him when he's going to break out. Only just hear him when he laughs."

I could not resist the temptation. The last remark of my keeper fell on my ears like a suggestion, and suddenly shooting up my head, and glaring fiercely at the spectators, I gave them a yell of laughter as terrible as I could possibly make it.

"Ah!" was the shriek of Susannah, as she dashed back from the logs. Before the sounds had well ceased, they were echoed from without, and in more fearful and natural style from the practised lungs of Col. Nelson. His yells following mine, were enough to startle me.

"What!" he cried, thrusting his fingers through the crevice, "you would come out, would you,—you would try your strength with mine. Let him out,—let him out! I am ready for him, breast to breast, man against man, tooth and nail, forever and forever. You can laugh too, but Ha! Ha! Ha!—what do you say to that? Shut up, shut up, and be ashamed of yourself. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

There was a sensation without. I could see that Emmeline recoiled from the side of her companion. He had thrown himself into an attitude, had grappled the logs of my dungeon, and exhibited a degree of strange emotion, which, to say the least, took every body by surprise. My chief custodian was the first to speak.

"Don't be scared, Mr.—there's no danger—he can't get out."

"But I say let him out—let him out. Look at him ladies—look at him. You shall see what a madman is—you shall see how I can manage him. Hark ye, fellow,—out with him at once. Give me your whip—I know all about his treatment. You shall see me work him. I'll manage him,—I'll fight with him, and laugh with him too—how we shall laugh—Ha! Ha! Ha!"

His horrible laughter,—for it was horrible—was cut short by an unexpected incident. He was knocked down as suddenly as I had been, with a blow from behind, to the astonishment of all around. The assailant was the sheriff of Hamilton jail, who had just arrived and detected the fugitive, Archy Dargan—the most cunning of all bedlamites, as he afterwards assured me,—in the person of the handsome Col. Nelson.

"I knew the scamp by his laugh—I heard it half a mile," said the sheriff, as he planted himself upon the bosom of the prostrate man, and proceeded to leash him in proper order. Here was a concatenation accordingly.

"Who have I got in the pen?" was the sapient inquiry of my captor—the fellow whose whip had been so potent over my imagination.

"Who? Have you any body there?" demanded the sheriff.

"I reckon!—We cocht a chap that Jake made affidavit was the madman."

"Let him out then, and beg the man's pardon. I'll answer for Archy Dargan."

My appearance before the astonished damsels was gratifying to neither of us. I was covered with mud and blood,—and they with confusion.

"Oh! Mr. ———, how could we think it was you, such a fright as they've made you."

Such was Miss Emmeline's speech after her recovery. Susannah's was quite as characteristic.

"I am so sorry, Mr. ———."

"Spare your regrets, ladies," I muttered ungraciously, as I leapt on my horse. I wish you a very pleasant morning."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" yelled the bedlamite, writhing and bounding in his lash—"a very pleasant morning."

The damsels took to their heels, and went off in one direction quite as fast as I did in the other. Since that day, dear reader, I have never suffered myself to scare a fool, or to fall in love with a pair of twins; and if ever I marry, take my word for it, the happy woman shall neither be a Susannah, nor an Emmeline.

WOOLING; BY A BASHFUL GENTLEMAN.

HEAR the tale of a boyish heart,

Hear and be wise ere ye go to woo;

Ever with boldness play your part,

Nor weakly sigh, nor timidly sue;—

Hear the tale of a boyish heart:

As I drew near to my lady's bow'r,

I sung her a song that might win a flower;

Song so gentle and sweet to hear,

It had suited well in a fairy's ear;

Lowly and soft at first it rose,

And touching the sigh at its dying close.

Hear the tale of a boyish heart,—

Vainly I sung to my lady's ear;

A minstrel came with a bolder art,

And he sung in an accent loud and clear;—

He sung not the tale of a boyish heart;

His spirit was high, and his soul was proud,

His song was eager, and wild, and loud,—

And, O! methought, how worse than vain,

The chorus strong and the swelling strain,—

Song so stormy and wild to hear,

Will never suit for a lady's ear.

Hear the tale of a boyish heart—

Never you sing in your lady's ear,

As if your soul were about to part,

And you stood on the edge of a mortal fear—

Tell her the tale of a manly heart!—

A maid is a woman and not a flower,

And she loves, in her lover, the proofs of power—

His eye must be ardent, his spirit high—

For her the soft note and the tender sigh—

She may be timid and tremulous still,

But he must be one who must have his will.

A

TIME'S WALLET.

BY EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

II.

THE PLEASANT COMMODIE OF PATIENT GRISSIL.

A REMARKABLE contrast to the story of the French wife, alluded to in the last article, is the patience and exemplary virtue of Griselda, a name to be had in reverence through all time, which will ever live upon the lips of poets, while humble innocence sits in quiet, bearing the unruly wrongs of the world in gentleness and meekness. What a beautiful picture of patient, long suffering woman, going about, curing all difficulties, removing all obstacles, by the sacred ministry of silence. Never a word of reproach, though she suffered all indignities, escaped the lips of Griselda. She loved once, the love of an unreserved maidenly spirit, and having given her heart, she could not take it back again, though the gift to all the world beside seemed an unremembered, a despised thing. She was rich in giving; her love triumphed over jealousy; it could not be broken down; it pursued her husband with blessings; it was happier in bestowing than receiving. Listen, reader, to the simple story, as it was told the last of those hundred tales, to the ladies of Florence, by Boccaccio, in times it has been the custom, very modestly for us moderns, to call the dark ages. We fear, in these bright days of utilitarianism and the rights of woman, the eye is indeed too dazzled by the light to see anywhere such simple objects as Griselda. Such characters required shade, and the dark ages need not be ashamed of them.

Chaucer tells the story in his Clerk of Oxenford's tale, having derived it from the Italian; but later yet the story received a richer grace in that proud period of poetry, the Elizabethan age, from the hands of the dramatist Dekker. It was a tale admirably suited to the purposes of the drama, and nobly did Dekker endow it, adding beauty to its simplicity; giving words of gentlest poetry to the secret motives of the heart. As it was related by Chaucer, (who agrees mainly with the Decameron,) the incidents were simply these. The Marquis of Saluzzo, lord over a pleasant range of territory in northern Italy, was urged by his courties to wed, and he appointed a day on which he would set before them his bride. He had often seen in her father's fields in the neighborhood of his palace, a beautiful simple maiden, who passed her time among the oxen and sheep, who slept

softly on a hard cough, "who would oftener drink of the well than the tun." Her he selected for his bride, and Griselda left her father's cot and her rural life for the throne of a prince. The Marquis was a constant lover, but one of those men who are perpetually in the world ministering to their own unhappiness, who cannot let well alone, who must be trying experiments with their friends and lovers, who sow suspicions and generally reap a rich harvest of ingratitude. They end by making the world as bad as they had imagined it. The Marquis first robs his wife of one child; sending a gloomy, villainous looking fellow, as if bent on assassination; then he robs her of another, then strips her of her dignities, and then appoints a new marriage with another lady, who turns out to be the daughter of whom she had been first robbed, the children are restored to the mother, and the mother to her throne, and all ends happily. This, with a somewhat meagre narrative, is the whole of Chaucer's story. In this state Dekker found it; he re-set the gem, and burnished it till it was fire new in the light of his poetry.

His comedy of *Patient Grissil*, after lying neglected since the time in which it was first published, has been just reprinted by the Shakspeare Society. There were but two perfect copies in existence, one in the Bodleian Library, the other in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. It appears now carefully edited, with notes, by Collier, a generous literary labor that ought soon to be extended to all the other works of Dekker that are accessible. From the specimens of his works in Dodsley and Lamb, and the eulogy of Hazlitt, he was one of the most vigorous of a race of great men. There are two names associated with that of Dekker in the production of his play, Haughton and Chettle, but their parts are (as satisfactorily set forth by a critic in the *London Examiner*), easily distinguishable. Dekker is the author of all that relates to Griselda; the rest is apart from the main story. While acknowledging the critical ability of the *Examiner*, we may for the reader's sake quote a brief passage from the criticism. Speaking of Dekker's share of the play, the reviewer finely remarks:—"The beauty, the simplicity, the deep pathos, wrought in the main action of the play, affiliate themselves of right to Dekker. No one else could own them. Great as was the common heritage of genius in that day, the subtle master-touches of the creator of an Orlando Friscobaldo, of a Bellafront, of a Candido, are yet unerringly to be singled from the stock. We have them here enshrined. In the character of the heroine and her family, there lives the very soul of that daring and passionate burst of sweetness, which,

had he written not another line, would have immortalized Dekker's name.

Patience! why 'tis the soul of peace,
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. . . . The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

"And in these noble lines, let us take the opportunity of saying, is written the secret of the extraordinary popularity of the famous story of Griselda. Taken abstractedly, there cannot be a doubt of the monstrous, nay impossible character, of many of its chief details. . . .

Why then did Dekker take up such a story for the profitable exercise of his genius? Because, there is, beneath and independent of all its falsehood, a truth of the divinest character. The rest falls off as temporary and trivial, while this remains—profound, eternal. In the heavenly sweetness of Griselda amongst all her wrongs; in the sense of duty wherein she teaches us to stand fixed, though amidst all horrible, unnatural portents the firmament itself should fall; in the triumph to which through every possible shape of evil this sublime obedience tends; in its victory of weakness over strength, and its final submission of hostility to love; there shone forth to the heart of this brave old writer, all those reverential lessons which are of deepest import to humanity, and which had already received their highest and holiest illustration from the patience and suffering of him whom he dared with no irreverence to call

"The first true gentleman that ever breath'd."

Dekker introduces Griselda at work in the open air, with her father, Janiculo, a man of a cheerful temperament, who sings brave careless lyrics of the olden time.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed!
O, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed,
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O, sweet content! O sweet, &c.

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face:
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

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Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O, sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O, sweet content, &c.

Work, apace, apace, &c.

Her father has in him a spice of the same author's Orlando Frisco-baldo: he is heart whole.

The daughter was taken from the sheep cot to adorn the throne, and she carried with her to the palace as memorials of her poverty, the water pitcher, her old companion to the spring, and her russet gown: they were the symbols of her rustic youth and innocence. She never forgot those early days; fortune and sudden elevation could not turn her head; for the heart was fixed. Quaintly does a clown in the play moralize over these changes. "Grissil was as pretty a Grissil in the one as in the other."

We cannot separate from the play the exquisite variety of the scenes added to the story by Dekker, the loquacity of the clown, a running accompaniment of mirth and earnestness, as necessary to the sentiment of the play as the more staid chorus of Æschylus or Sophocles; the irresolution and the brave talk of Lauzeo, the poor scholar, the brother of Griselda; the manliness and native strength of Janiculo—these are characteristic of nature and the old English drama, terms almost synonymous. One single word of the clown, Babulo, a mere passing conceit, has more in it of grace and eloquence than many a labored harangue, in the simplicity of childhood. He says to Janiculo, when the daughter is sent back to her cot with her children, "a fig for care! old master, but now old grandshire, take this little *Pope innocent*: we'll give over basket-making and turn nurses."

One scene we must quote for the sake of Griselda and her heavenly character. The children had been taken from her by Furio, the messenger of her husband, whom she overhears as he wishes they had a better nurse than he.

[*Re*]-Enter Grissil, stealthily.

Gri. A better nurse! seek'st thou a better nurse?

A better nurse than whom?

Fu. Than you; away.

Gri. I am their mother: I must not away.

Look, look, good Furio; look, they smile on me:
I know, poor hearts, they fear to smile on thee.
I prythee, let me have them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prythee, let me touch them.

Fu. No; hands off.

Gri. I prythee, gentle Furio, let me kiss them.

Fu. Not one kiss for a king's crown.

Gri. Must I not kiss my babes? Must I not touch them?

Alas! what sin so vile hath Grissil done,
That thus she should be vexed? not kiss my infants!
Who taught thee to be cruel, gentle churl?
What must thou do with them?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

Gri. A nurse! alack, what nurse? where must she dwell?

Fu. I must not tell you—till I know myself.

Gri. For God's sake, who must nurse them? do but name her,
And I will swear those fiery eyes do smile,
And I will swear, that which none else will swear,
That thy grim brows do mercy's livery wear.

Fu. Chuse you.

[*Re*]-Enter *Marquess* standing aside.

Gri. Oh, God! oh, God! might Grissil have her choice,
My babes should not be scar'd with thy devil's voice!
Thou get a nurse for them? they can abide
To taste no milk but mine. Come, come, I'll chide,
In faith, you cruel man, I'll chide indeed,
If I grow angry.

Fu. Do, do; I care not.

Mar. [*Aside.*] To chide and curse thy lord thou hast more need.

Gri. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their nurse?

Fu. No.

Gri. Wilt thou not let me kiss them?

Fu. No, I say.

Gri. I prythee, let my tears, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate heart. See, here's a fountain
Which heaven into this alabaster bowels*
Instill'd to nourish them: man, they'll cry,
And blame thee that this runs so lavishly.
Here's milk for both my babes—two breasts for two.

* "Sic in this reprint of Mr. Collier's; who it will be seen, has modernized the spelling throughout. But he is naturally not contented with the line, and says in a note '*bowels* seem wrong, and perhaps we ought to read *vessel*.' We are surprised that the obvious reading should have escaped Mr. Collier. Substitute *these* for *this*, and the line stands thus—

Which heaven into these alabaster bowls.

The insertion of the *e* in that last word was incident to the old spelling. It cannot be doubted, we think, that this was the meaning of Dekker."

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor babes! I weep to see what wrong I do.

Gri. I pray thee let them suck. I am most meet

To play their nurse; they'll smile, and say 'tis sweet
Which streams from hence. If thou dost bear them hence,
My angry breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Let fall salt drops, with these white nectar tears
They will be mix'd, this sweet will then be brine.
They'll cry; I'll chide, and say the sin is thine.

Fu. Mine arms ache mightily, and my heart aches.

Mar. [*Aside.*] And so doth mine. Sweet sounds this discord makes.

Fu. Here, madam, take one: I am weary of both. Touch it and kiss it too, it's a sweet child. [*Aside.*] I would I were rid of my misery, for I shall drown my heart with tears that fall inward.

Gri. Oh, this is gently done! this is my boy,
My first-born care; thy feet that ne'er felt ground,
Have travell'd longest in this land of woe,
This world's wilderness, and hast most need
Of my most comfort. Oh, I thank thee, Furio:
I knew I should transform thee with my tears,
And melt thy adamant heart like wax.
What wrong shall these have to be ta'en from me!
Midly entreat their nurse to touch them mildly,
For my soul tells me, that my honored lord
Does but to try poor Grissil's constancy.
He's full of mercy, justice, full of love.

Mar. [*Aside.*] My cheeks do glow with shame to hear her speak.
Should I not weep for joy, my heart would break.
And yet a little more I'll stretch my trial.

The Examiner critic (John Forster, the author of the *Lives of Cromwell and Hamden*), has been before us with his divining rod, and pointed out the pure gold in this rich mine. Happily does he quote this little passage as containing the very essence of the story, when Griselda is introduced to her husband's new bride, unconscious that it is her daughter.

Mar. How do you like my bride?

Gri. I think her blest.

To have the love of such a noble lord.

Mar. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed, I speak the truth;
Only I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender years.

Which, as a flower in spring, may soon be nipped
With the least frost of cold adversity.

Mar. Why are not you then nipp'd? you still seem fresh,
As if adversity's cold icy hand
Had never laid his fingers on your heart.

Gri. IT NEVER TOUCH'D MY HEART : adversity
Dwells still with them that dwell with misery,
But mild content hath eas'd me of that yoke :
Patience hath borne the bruise, and I the stroke.

In conclusion we commend to the attention of our readers, and especially to public libraries, the valuable publications of the Shakspeare Society, of which this is one. The subscription list, limited to a thousand, (in which we believe there are yet vacancies) numbers some of the best names in modern literature. There are the antiquarians to a man and the English critics of the periodicals; Tieck the poet and lover of Shakspeare, at Dresden, the foreign libraries, and a few straggling Americans, among whom we perceive Jared Sparks. An early application, through Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, will secure a most valuable treasure that will soon be among the rarities of literature.

GLEAMS.

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BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.  
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PHANTOMS, late caressing,
Whither in your flight,
Do ye bear the blessing
That was my delight?
Why, at midnight greeting
Promise ye so fair,
And with morning fleeting,
Lose my hopes in air?—
Phantoms O! whither,
Whither do ye bear?

If the night still brings ye,
Let me not deplore,
That the dawning wings ye
To some other shore;
Yet the doubt distresses,
That your arms may find,
Forms whose fond caresses
May more surely bind.
Phantoms, O! whither,
Wing ye with the wind.

Millefleurs, Va.

SENSIBILITY.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

A HIGH-TONED, complexional sensibility, though apt to disqualify its possessor for elbowing himself through the crowd of coarse and brutal mortals, who jostle one another upon the desperate highway of human life, is, nevertheless, the acknowledged source of every thing, either good or great, of which the world can boast. A man may be a good citizen, a good father, husband, or master, without possessing a spark of genuine sensibility; but he will never soar, we may rest assured, beyond the plain and palpable line of common, civil or domestic duties, into that higher, upper region, which is the native and ennobling element of superior minds, and from which, with infinite grace, they often—(alas, not always!)—know how to descend, to administer and to partake of the charities of life, and to fulfil its various, important and, sometimes endearing, relations. Search the annals of human greatness, and, with the finest minds, always, the largest share of sensibility will be found to have abided; a sensibility of the most expansive and enduring character—and *this* alone is to be relied on; it lights up the whole moral man; supervises and inspires all his actions; it goes with him from the genial warmth of the domestic hearth into the cold and nipping atmosphere of public life; and if it prompt him to goodness in the one sphere, it is almost certain to conduct him to glory in the other—for it is not akin to that paltry and factitious feeling, which reserves itself for occasions only; which can be assumed and put off, according to circumstances; and which, while it is conveniently callous to the claims of humanity, and, frequently, of kindred, has yet an infinite fund of tenderness for objects which are happily, either independent of, or insensible to, its “melting charity”—a sensibility which shrinks, to-day, from the presence of misfortune,—though it invade the threshold of a husband or a brother,—and to-morrow may be seen lavishing its “sympathetic tears” over the memory of the distant or the dead—the one, no less than the other, perhaps, placed beyond the possible reach of its kind offices. The sensibility of genius, on the other hand, is complexional, and may be trusted, always—it is no counterfeit, for it is seated in the soul. We have met with persons, who boasted of never having been betrayed into the “weakness” of shedding a tear—men of coarse and hard minds, who, natu-

rally enough, mistake a selfish and defective organization, for manliness and fortitude. These are, and are destined to remain, strangers to the truth, that a profound sensibility is at once the highest honor, and most lasting, and least equivocal ornament of manhood. Burke,—one of the master-spirits of his age, (an age fertile in great men,) wept like a child upon the neck of a favorite horse that belonged to a son whom he had recently lost. Who, that has read Prior's account of that affecting scene, but must have risen from the perusal with the most grateful and exalted impression of the character of the "great Commoner?" There are those, however, who would have sneered at this proof of "weakness" in one of the greatest minds of modern times. Such is the radical difference between the man of genius and the ordinary man, in this, as in all other respects.

SONG.—"GONE ARE THE SWEET HOPES."

GONE are the sweet hopes once tenderly growing
 Like love-tended blossoms, midst perfume and dew;
 Gone are the sweet dreams, that, rapture bestowing,
 Came nightly, like stars from their mansion of blue;
 Gone, gone! and their death-like sleep,
 No tongue may mourn and no eye may weep,
 Like moons they have risen and set;
 But will not the storms that shroud,
 Pass with each wintry cloud;
 Will not the flow'rs revive, and the stars shine forth yet?

The clouds may pass off, and the flow'rs once blowing
 In perfume and beauty may put forth again;
 And the stars in new light and fresh loveliness glowing,
 Look brighter and prouder through tempest and rain;
 But the first hopes of youth no more,
 May time in his flight restore;
 There is but one green season of the heart—
 Cherish that season well, for soon,
 Comes the dark midnight, pales the yellow moon,
 The dear hopes wither then, the sweet dreams all depart.

AMBITION.

AMBITION hath but one high course to run,
 Thus the proud eagle in his native skies,
 Stretching his giant pinions for the sun,
 Bathes in the blaze that blinds all other eyes.

THE EPOCHS AND EVENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY, AS
SUITED TO THE PURPOSES OF ART IN FICTION.*

It was the reply of Sir Robert Walpole,—a shrewd observer of men, versed in all the subtleties of politics, and no small proficient in those agencies which ordinarily affect human opinion—when, in his last illness, his son proposed to read to him from some work of history,—“no, sir, I have long since done with fiction.” Such a reply might well startle and bewilder that blind and credulous multitude, who seem ordinarily to confound this species of writing with holy text, and accord to it a degree of reverence which they are quite unwilling to acknowledge in any consideration of *Belles Lettres* and the Arts. But the opinions of such men as Walpole, Raleigh, Bolingbroke, and many others, of equally brilliant intellect and profound knowledge of human affairs, all of whom speak in very much the same language, in regard to the same subject, might well persuade us to renounce our blind confidence in teachers, whose chief claim to our deference is in their great gravity; or should, otherwise, conduct us to a more perfect faith in what is due to that art which draws, by a happy judgment, the matured fact from the embryo, and, by a series of successful speculations, leads us to those perfect narratives of life in society, which we have dignified with the name of histories. A little modesty on the part of the mere historian, in urging undue claims to consideration, based on grounds which are far less substantial than those which he might assert,—and a more expanded survey of the characteristics and objects of human genius, on the part of those who are much more likely to be impressed with names than with things,—might do much towards a solution of the difficulty, under which, in a splenetic mood and moment, Sir Robert Walpole declared himself. The remark of this statesman,—considered the Machiavel of his day and nation, and who is supposed to have suffered great injustice in the final awards of public opinion, in respect to his career,—embodied his own experience in the veracity of politics, rather than in that of history. It was the history of a small and selfish partisan-

* This paper forms a portion of two Lectures, which were delivered before the Historical Society of the State of Georgia. The purpose for which they were prepared, will account for the somewhat too ornate character of the style, and the excess of glow which pervades the composition. As an essay for the reader, the writer need scarcely say that the tone of performance should have been consistently subdued.

ship of his own time, and which possibly exists in all times, which provoked his censure;—and it will not need that we should here stop to inquire in what degree he himself contributed to render it deserving of his own sarcasm.* His commentary calls for our notice, only as it affords us an approach to another discovery, which is also due to modern times. From venerable Cantabs of our own age, we are astounded, for the first time, to learn that there is very little ancient history of any kind that is worthy to be relied on;—that, what we have hitherto been reading with such equal delight and confidence—those exquisite and passionate narratives of Greece and Rome—narratives of soul and sweetness, which have touched our hearts with sympathy, and enkindled our spirits with the warmest glow of emulative admiration—are, in reality, little more than the works of cunning artists—eloquent narrators and delicious poets, who have thus dishonestly practised upon our affections and our credulity,—making us very children through the medium of our unsuspecting sympathies. Stripped of its golden ornaments of rhetoric and passion, the tale which we are now permitted to believe, is one from which the most hearty lover of the truth, may well recoil in disrelish or disgust. Where now are those glowing pictures over which our eyes have glistened—those holy traits of unbending patriotism and of undying love—of maternal courage, and of filial sacrifice—of a valor that knew not self, of an endurance that confessed no pain?—those touching instances of social excellence and loveliness, which make of the patriarchal life—the first life of civilization,—one of the loveliest periods in the whole broad province of romance;—those instances, fertile in all that is dear to fancy and affection, which have moved us to share in all the ebullitions of joy and of suffering of which we read—now striving with the patriot, and now yielding with the lover—enduring with the unshaken constancy of the matron, and kneeling with the pious devotion of the son! Alas! for all these we have no authorities. We are without those grave and reverend witnesses, which a court of *Nisi Prius* would suffer in evidence, under the general issue—and, thus, we are called upon to deny those histories to be true, which have awakened our souls to the first consciousness of the holiest kinds of truth—the truths of the greatest purpose,—the purest integrity, the noblest ambition, the most god-like magnanimity. We go back with the rigid historian to the axemarks in this antique wilderness, and we look for

* It is to this statesman, the reader will remember, that we are indebted for the political axiom that "every man has his price;"—a result which Sir Robert is said to have arrived at by his own experiments.

these generous instances and proofs in vain. We are shown the withered branches and the prostrate trunks—the blasted forms and the defaced aspects—the dry-bones of the perished humanity ;—but the breath of life is gone from its nostrils,—the heart that beat, the head that planned, the eye, the voice, that willed and commanded ;—the God-stamped visage and the animating action, are no longer heard and visible !

“Its bones are marrowless, *its* blood is cold ;

It has no speculation in those eyes,

Which it doth glare with,”

And we may well add, “let the earth hide thee !”—for there can be no friendly or genial influence to man in the resurrection of this miserable mock, and complete wreck, of all that was a people or a life ! But not so, say these sage historians of modern times. We are to believe in the dry-bones, since our eyes have present proof of their existence. We are to recognize the articulated skeleton,—nay, having strung it together on certain wires, and subjected it to a sort of moral galvanism, by which an occasional spasmodic action is betrayed, we shall even be suffered to conjecture that these dry-bones were once covered with flesh, and were informed by sense and feeling. But we may go no further. When we would demand more, and assert more, we are met by a question, as keenly decapitative in historical criticism, as any which debars disquieting debate in the halls of our legislation :—“where are your authorities ?” Alas ! for the student who lives only by authorities ! Alas ! for the genius who fears them ! The one may become dry-bones himself before he conquers his accidence ; and, for the other, if he leaves aught behind him, coupled with his name, it will be in such marrowless fragments,—such empty relics of past emptiness—that even that class of pur-blind chroniclers of which we have spoken, will scarcely be at the necessary pains to disinter them.*

* The allusion here is to that class of modern historians—the professed sceptics of all detail in ancient history—of whom M. Niebuhr is the great prototype. It is not our purpose to disparage the learned ingenuity, the keen and vigilant judgment, the great industry, the vast erudition and sleepless research of this coldly inquisitive man ;—yet, what a wreck has he made of the imposing structure of ancient history, as it comes to us from the hands of ancient art. Whether the simple fact, that what he gives us is more certainly true than what we had such perfect faith in before, is, or should be, sufficient to compensate us for that of which he despoils us, cannot well be a question with those who have a better faith in art, as the greatest of all historians, and as better deserving of our confidence than that worker who limits his faith entirely to his own discoveries. We prefer one Livy, to a cloud of such witnesses as M. Niebuhr.

The truth is—an important truth which seems equally to have escaped the sarcastic minister and the learned German, and which the taste that prefers the ruin to its restoration, will be the very last to appreciate,—the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art!—Consists in its proper employment, as so much raw material, in the erection of noble fabrics and lovely forms, to which the fire of genius imparts soul, and which the smile of taste informs with beauty;—and which, thus endowed and constituted, are so many temples of mind—so many shrines of purity,—where the big, blind struggling heart of the multitude may rush in its vacancy, and be made to feel; in its blindness and be made to see; in its fear and find countenance; in its weakness and be rendered strong; in the humility of its conscious baseness, and be lifted into gradual excellence and hope! These are the offices of art, for which she employs history,—and, it is these which make her not only the most lovely, but the most legitimate daughter of heaven. It is through her that the past lives to the lessening of the future; and if she breathe not the breath of life into its nostrils, the wires of the resurrectionist would vainly link together the rickety skeleton which he disinters for posterity.

Considered with reference to its intrinsic uses, the bald history of a nation, by itself, would be of very little importance to mankind. Of what use to know the simple fragmentary fact, that Troy—a city we no longer find upon the maps—fell, after a siege of years—the proud and polished city before the barbarian and piratical foe? Of what use, or whence the satisfaction, placed upon the summits of Taygetus, to hear the long catalogue of names—names of men and nations—which the historian may, with tolerable certainty, enumerate, and perhaps assign to each narrow spot within the range of his vision;—or, astride some block, which hopeless conjecture may assume to be the site of the once mighty capital, to turn to our Lempriere, and learn, that here once dwelt a great people, who were overthrown by a greater. We know this fact without Lempriere. Ruins speak for themselves, and, to this extent, are their own historians. They equally denote the existence and the overthrow;—the was and the is not—and the dry, sapless history, tells us nothing, which can tell us nothing more! But, musing alone along the plain of the Troad,—or traversing the mountain barriers of Parnes, Ægaleous, and Hymettus—looking down upon the sterile plains of Attica,—sterile in soil, but O! how fruitful in soul,—or sitting among the dismembered fragments which made the citadel in Carthage,—each man becomes his

own historian. Thought, taking the form of conjecture, ascends, by natural stages, into the obscure and the infinite. Reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable. Dates and names, which, with the mere chronologist, are every thing, with us are nothing. For what matters it to us, while tracing hopes and fears,—feelings and performances,—the greatness which was, and the glories which exist no longer—to be arrested in our progress by some cold and impertinent querist, who, because we cannot tell him whether these things took place, one, two, or three thousand years before Christ,—and because we cannot positively assign the precise name to the hero,—accurately showing this or that combination of seven or more letters—forbids our inquiry as idle. The inquiry is not idle,—and history itself is only valuable when it provokes this inquiry—when it excites a just curiosity—awakens noble affections,—elicits generous sentiments,—and stimulates into becoming activity, the intelligence which it informs!

Hence, it is the artist only who is the true historian. It is he who gives shape to the unhewn fact,—who yields relation to the scattered fragments,—who unites the parts in coherent dependency, and endows, with life and action, the otherwise motionless automata of history. It is by such artists, indeed, that nations live. It is the soul of art, alone, which binds periods and places together;—that creative faculty, which, as it is the only quality distinguishing man from other animals, is the only one by which he holds a life-tenure through all time—the power to make himself known to man—to be sure of the possessions of the past,—and to transmit, with the most happy confidence in fame, his own possessions to the future.

For what is the philosophy of history but a happy conjecturing, of what might have been, from the imperfect skeleton of what we know. The long analysis of probabilities, keenly pursued through buried fragments and dissolving dust,—is the toil of an active imagination,—informed by experience,—obeying certain known laws of study,—and recognizing, as guiding rules, certain general standards of examination. The dull seeker after bald and isolated facts is no philosopher, nor can he claim even the doubtful merit of being a pioneer. He is a digger merely;—no more a discover than the hireling, whom superior taste and wealth have employed, to disencumber the buried city, Pompeii or Herculaneum, from its ashes;—careless where he explores,—indifferent to what he sees,—and only solicitous of the amount of labor done, which secures him, at the end of the day or week, his miserable compensation. That keen thought and

pressing study, which, heaping conjecture upon conjecture, identifying facts with their classes, tracing concealed character through a long series of details, educing causes from associated results, and tracing upward, step by step, by plausible suggestions, the several policies by which nations are built up and made famous, or overthrown and dismembered,—would disdain the preparation of history, if privileges such as these were denied to the historian. And, in the exercise of these privileges, he asserts and acquires more. He learns to speak with a familiar confidence of his subject. His imagination takes part with his judgment—officers and counsels his thought—wings it to the desired fact, and vividly portrays to the mind's eye, the hero and the event. Thence he becomes a limner, a painter, a creator; and the picture glows beneath his hand, and the drama dilates in action under his eye, and he becomes a living and authentic witness of the past, and of all the circumstances which he has undertaken to unfold. This is the historian, and such is the sort of genius which it requires, ere we shall dare to say that any history can live.

To such an intellect, it must be permitted to argue his case as an advocate, to choose his favorite personages from the chronicle, and to make perfect his ideals, by a nice adaptation to their known characteristics, of such as are essential to the completion of the model. In proportion as his work conforms to known proprieties, and generally recognized probabilities, and in proportion as it bears favorably for the cause of humanity and virtue, upon the understandings of those to whom his labors are addressed,—are his performances well or badly done,—and in just such degree will he be found to live in the regards of future ages. These, and these only, are his standards, speaking now with a moral reference;—his taste, his skill, his eloquence, his powers of compression or dilation, of grouping and relief, being of course artistical requisitions, which are all essential to his success in every other respect. It is really of very little importance to mankind, whether he is absolutely correct in all his conjectures or assertions, whether his theory be true or false, or whether he rightly determines upon the actor or the scene. Assuming that the means of his refutation are not to be had, that he offends against no facts which are known and decisive, no reasonable probabilities or obvious inferences,—it is enough if his narrative awakens our attention, compels our thought, warms our affections, inspirits our hopes, elevates our aims, and builds up in our minds a fabric of character, compounded of just principles, generous tendencies, and clear, correct standards of taste and duty. This, in fact, is the chief object with which all history is

studied—the curiosity which impels the desire being equally moral and human, and having reference to the effect, upon character, of lessons drawn from the experience and the deeds of some superior branch of the great human family. We care not so much for the intrinsic truth of history, as for the great moral truths, which, drawn from such sources, induce excellence in the student. The study of mere facts which do not concern our own progress, unless such results are designed to follow, would be as utterly unimportant to ourselves and children, as the solution of the much vexed question—"who built the pyramids,—Cheops or Cephrenes?" There they stand, and the philosophical historian, who really knows nothing beyond, has already declared the only, really important fact in their history—namely, that they were the work of a merciless despotism;—an equal trophy of miserable vanity and of absolute power;—a vanity not less absolute than the power which it exercised, but certainly far less productive of results,—since the pyramids are no longer monuments! The philosopher reaches this conviction by a survey of the vast structures themselves. Their useless bulk provides a sufficient commentary on the labor which produced it;—and, even though the veracious chroniclers of the past were here—if we could trace, step by step, the progress of events by which they were raised to what they are;—the great moral truth respecting them, of which we are already in possession, would receive no additional weight of suggestion. That moral truth, educed by thought from conjecture, is one wholly independent of details. Nay, even should the details become known, and conflict with the fragmentary facts which we have been accustomed to believe, they could not disturb a faith which they could never have established. To lay bare the tombs of their buried kings, to find their names, to retrace their experience, to declare their histories, would really add no desirable measure to the amount of human knowledge. It would only be multiplying a number of like facts and histories, of which we have more than enough in possession for all the purposes of moral and human analysis. The profligacy of nature, even in her tombs and wrecks, and disasters, leaves us nothing to desire, in the way of material, whether for conjecture, or philosophy, or sympathy. A natural curiosity may prompt us to inquire, as we loiter beside the unknown tumulus, "who sleeps below?"—but a conviction quite as natural, that there are thousands of inquiries to be made beside, of far more importance even to our tastes, for which life leaves us but little time, soon reconciles us to the necessity of yielding the solution of our doubts to that genius which seems especially appointed for such a

purpose;—a genius which acknowledges no obstruction in the otherwise dark and frowning barriers set up by that huge and shapeless sphinx of oblivion, which presides over so vast a portion of the globe,—the genius of romance and poetry!—the genius of creative art! And well does he satisfy our doubts. Let us instance one among a thousand histories to which we may refer as pregnant with examples. A statue, one of the most exquisite remains and proofs of ancient art, is rescued from the undeserving, but protecting earth. The sages gather around it, the high priests of civilization and philosophy, and, each has his doubts, and his conjectures, and his fancies. The study is an elaborate one, of some complexity and finish, with certain insignia. One claims it as a Grecian Herald, another will have it a Laquearian Gladiator, while a third makes it a Barbarian Shield-bearer from Sparta. A host of other graybeards discover a host of other similitudes. Now, the mere conclusion of this doubt, is about the least important of the facts in this exquisite *chef-d'œuvre*; and yet, what a tale is it found to embody. The poet interposes while the strife is loudest, and furnishes the perfect history.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,—
And his droop'd head sinks, gradually low—
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow,
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now,
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes,
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;—
There were his young Barbarians, all at play,—
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!"—

What a history is here!—how complete! how true! What a long narration of events is brought before us by a word—what a variety of character and fortune,—associations how gorgeous and how terrible, in the few, brief, moving lines which embody the revelation of a great artist. The circus opens upon us as we listen! We see the awful preparations for the strife—we note, with suppressed respiration, the bloody progress of the combat! We hear the buzz of the eager multitude;—

"The murmured pity or loud-roared applause,
As man is slaughtered by his fellow man."

Rome is in our eyes,—that city of equal crime and empire. We see, at a glance, all her exulting pride, and the hellish magnificence of her daily exercises. There are hosts of valiant men, there are troops of lovely women ;—there is the pomp of purple, the blinding glare of jewels, and in the midst is one,—

“Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.”

But the divine skill of the artist does not suffer us to linger too long upon the guilty glory, and the too seductive aspects of this awful spectacle. The moral requires that we should behold the inevitable concomitants. He hurries us from the scene of terror and of triumph. We fly, with the last thoughts of the dying victim, to the banks of his paternal Danube. His unconscious children are at play. There too is their Dacian mother. She knows not of their father’s fate, but her thoughts are still heavy and with him. Even at that moment, a fear of the truth,—a dread presentiment of evil is rising within her heart, and she turns away, with a soul that sickens at all she sees, from the sports of her orphan barbarians. Such a history, thus told us, is complete in all its parts. It embodies many histories. Shall we consider it less true because it is attested in the measures of undying verse! Nay, should it hereafter be discovered that the exquisite performance of art, by which the poet was provoked to history, was no victim to the infernal sports of the amphitheatre ;—should it be shown that he was a Spartan shield-bearer, or Herald, slain by sudden shaft upon the road-side, and not a Barbarian dragged from the Danube ;—will such a discovery, in any respect, impair the touching truths of such a history. Not a whit! The truth is still a truth apart from its application. The moral objects of the poet and the historian, concern not the individual so much as the race,—are not simply truths of time, but truths of eternity, and can only cease to be so in the decay of all human sensibilities.

The historian then must be an artist. All of the great writers of history serve the title. Livy in past, and Gibbon in modern times, were artists of singular ability in the adjustment of details and groups, and in the delineation of action. Of the extent of their powers of conjecture,—their capacity of supplying appropriately the unsuggested probability, of filling the blanks in history with those details, without which, the known were valueless—it needs but to say that the facts in ancient history, compared with what is conjectured of the facts in their connexion, were really very few, if not very unimportant. Original, or transmitted authorities, must have always

been very vague and uncertain prior to the discovery of printing. Tradition then was the chronicler, and the poet was the historian. What fell in broken, mumbled sentences from the toothless gums of the one, was moulded into undying periods by the peculiar genius of the other, and Homer became a great master of history from no better sources of authority. We should be grateful to such historians and chroniclers. Would that they had left us a thousand more such histories. The language of Wordsworth, is not too fervent for the expression of our gratitude.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
The poets ;—who on earth have made us heirs,
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays !"

But, if the composition of history be the work of an artist, rather than of a mere chronicler ;—if it be permitted to him to speculate upon the unknown, and to assume the fact from the probable ;—there is yet, in this respect, a limit to his progress. There is a God Terminus for the dominions of art, as there is for each subdivision of earthly empire. But the appetite which calls into existence the artist of history, is not satisfied with what he achieves. He provokes a passion which he cannot gratify, and another genius is summoned to continue the journey into those forests which he fears to tread. The one is no less legitimate than the other ;—and the province of the romancer, if not yet generally recognized, at least, leaves him large liberties of conquest. It is difficult to say what seas shall limit his empire—what mountains arrest his progress,—what elements retard his flight—or

—————"Who shall place,
A limit to *this* giant's unchain'd strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race !"

The liberties of conjecture which are accorded to the historian, become, in his case, liberties of creation. So far as the moral is concerned, the difference of privilege is no ways important. Their privileges differ only in degree. We permit the historian to look, from his Pisgah, into the land of equal doubt and promise ; but the other is allowed to enter upon its exploration, and to take formal possession of its fruits. Both, however, are required to recognize a law in common—that, namely, which rules, that the survey and the conquest shall be made for the benefit and the blessing of the races which they severally represent. The fruits of their toil and talents,—by that decree of providence, which has fitted each of us for a special

and peculiar labor—are meant for the human stock ;—and when they have warmed our curiosity in what concerns the great family to which we belong—strengthened our faith in what are its true virtues, and what, under proper cultivation, it may become—excited our sympathies in the cause of its leading minds—filled our hearts with gentle hopes, and stimulated our souls to ardency in the grand and unceasing struggle after perfection, which is the great business of the ages—then have they severally executed the holy trusts of art which have been committed to their hands. The one employment, in these several toils, is quite as legitimate as the other. They both demand the most varied talents, and the highest attributes of mind, which have been, or possibly can be, conferred upon the creature. If the historian is required to conceive readily, and to supply the motive for human action, where the interests of a State, or a nation, are concerned,—a like capacity must inform the novelist, whose inquiries conduct him into the recesses of the individual heart. Both should be possessed of clear minds, calm, deliberate judgment, a lively fancy, a vigorous imagination, and a just sense of propriety and duty. In degree, both should be endowed with large human sympathies, without which neither of them could justly enter into the feelings and affections, the fears and the hopes—of the person whose fortunes they propose to analyze. If the subject of the historian is one of more dignity and grandeur, that of the romancer is one of more delicacy and variety. If the task of the one is imposing because of its gravity, and the vast interests which are involved in the discussion ; the other is more attractive, as it admits of so much more of that detail, in the affairs of a favorite, which brings us to a familiar acquaintance with the graces of the family circle, the nice sensibilities of the heart, the growth of the purest affections, and those more ennobling virtues of the citizen, which, as they are seldom suffered to shew themselves beyond the sphere of domestic privacy, are not often permitted to glide into, and relieve the uniform majesty of history. To show what are the privileges and performances of the romancer, imbued with a just sense of his rights and resources, is to provide the most ample justification of his claim to rank with the noblest workers in all the fields of art. On this subject we are daily growing more and more enlightened. The puritanism which felt itself shocked at the story because of its moral scruples, is no longer heard to complain ; and the stale outcry of a class no less bigoted, by which it was supposed that romance was a disparagement to history, or led only to a perversion of the truth in history, is pretty much at an end,—silenced by the certain tendencies

of romantic narrative to heighten the taste for history itself. Philosophy, to say nothing of common sense, begins to discover that Shakspeare's *Chronicles of England*, are not only quite as true, substantively, as those of Hume, but that they are decidedly more true to the great leading characteristics of society and human nature; and in more recent days, it is found that Scott's uses of skeleton history have been to furnish it with life and character, to reclothe its dry-bones, and to impart a symmetry and proportion to its disjointed members, which, otherwise, were as unnatural and formless as that creation of the shambles, the modern Prometheus of Mrs. Shelly.* It was, for example, only with the publication of *Ivanhoe*—one of the most perfect specimens of romance that we possess,†—that the general reader had any fair idea of the long protracted struggle for superiority between the Norman and the Saxon people. Nay, it was not till that stately creation of art, blazed with all its towers and banners upon the eyes of the delighted nations, that the worthy burghers of London and Edinburgh, were made aware that there had been any long continued conflict between these warring races. The general opinion was that the Saxons had yielded the struggle with the fatal field of Hastings, and that the hope of their empire had gone down forever with the star of the intrepid Harold. It was reserved for the romancer to show how very different was the truth—how reluctant was the Saxon to forego his hope of the final expulsion of the intruder, and the restoration of his sceptre in the hands of a native. It is, in all probability, to this story that we owe the re-opening of the recent inquiry, and discussion of the events of this period, and in particular the very charming history of the Norman conquest and sway, from the pen of Monsieur Thierry. In this work, the writer, borrowing something of the attributes of the poet, has contrived to clothe his narrative with an atmosphere, which confers upon it a rich mellowness not to be found in the works of the ordinary historian; and, with the advance of the popular thought, and the attainment of a just judgment in respect to the legitimacy of art in the delineation of his-

* Let us not be understood as meaning to disparage any thing in this remarkable production, beyond its general scheme and conception. It is evidently a crude and shapeless contrivance, which a little more preparation might have licked into better shape, and more reasonable symmetry. In spite of the abortiveness of the design, and the total want of a scheme in the creation of the man, the story betrays, on every page, the singular powers of the writer.

† Impaired, however, by the single piece of mummery towards the close, which embodies the burial rites of Athelstane and his resurrection. But for this every way unbecoming episode, the romance would be perfect.

tory, shall we recover from the past, many more perfect narratives concerning periods in our chronicles of which, at this moment, we scarce acknowledge any want. As it was to Shakspeare's *Richard*, that we owe that of Horace Walpole, so to similar provocation shall we be indebted for the restoration of all the British Kings from the old Saxon heptarchy. What glorious histories are in reserve for us, of the Edwards' and the Henries,—the Tudors and the Plantagenets, and

—those roses, red and pale,
That wrought our island's wo, in bloody fray.

It will not need, in determining generally the legitimacy of romantic art, to analyze its several classes, and distinguish between their rights and privileges. Definitions poorly supply the place of general reading, and even could ours answer the end proposed, it would make no part of our present design to undertake them. That much of most histories is built upon conjecture—that this conjecture, assuming bolder privileges, becomes romance—that all ages and nations have possessed this romance;—that many ages and nations are now known only by its vitative agency—are matters which we have sought rather to suggest, than to establish;—and these being understood, we come now to the question—where, in *our* history, are the epochs, and what the materials, which, in the hands of the future poet and romancer, shall become the monuments of our nation—shall prove the virtues of our people,—declare their deeds, and assert, to the unborn ages, the fame of our achievements. We take for granted, that all hearts, not absolutely base and slavish, will yearn for such future chronicles;—will throb, with a natural pulse of enthusiastic hope, in the persuasion that we are to have a song, and a statue, and a story,—which, when our political name shall be an echo, will make it one that the generations shall delight to prolong, like those of Greece and Ilium. It would be no less painful than unpatriotic to doubt that all who yield to the subject a thought, or an affection, will feel with us, that next to the prayer of a glorious immortality for our own soul, will be that which we prefer to heaven for the soul of our mother country.*

In entering upon this enquiry, we discard entirely the supposition that any thing has yet been done with these epochs and materials.

* This epithet is employed here in the direct sense, as used by the citizens of our own soil. This note is meant to prevent the recognition of the old conventional phrase of the provincial, into which we are still too ready to fall.

We shall say nothing, as well from motives of delicacy, as to avoid unnecessary discussion, of any of our achievements—whether of pen or pencil—whether of prose or verse. We prefer looking at the country—naked as it is—unadorned—a rough, unhewn mass—shapeless to the eye,—unsightly, perhaps, in other eyes, not blinded by our feelings of sympathy and home! We look at the waste map from Passamaquoddy to the Sabine, and ask—where are *our* treasures,—our jewels of song and story,—which, when our country shall have become venerable with years,—in ruin perhaps, from frequent overthrow,—shall inform the groping nations what she has been, and yield to them, even in her decay and desolation, models of excellence not inferior to those which we owe to the genius of the East—song and story which shall enchain the ear of future admiration,—telling of our endurance and our deeds—how we toiled and how we triumphed—what bards have sung in our glory, what statesman have struggled in our behalf,—what valor was in the hearts of our warriors,—what purity and constancy in the souls of our women!

Let your grave lovers of skeleton history ask if these questions have ever been answered by the dry-bones for which they dig. Look for yourselves and behold,—in the long tract of ages which have vanished—at the mighty nations which have lived and live no longer,—behold the glorious record of the past, preserved to the future, only by the interposition of creative art. The statesman and the chronicler are dust; but the pictured story of the painter still speaks from the canvas,—and what an undying strain of song, peals, echo upon echo falling,—prolonged without faintness, and felt without fatigue,—in the ears of the succeeding ages, from the heaven-touched lips of the inspired minstrel! What a voice for the ages have these! How they clothe their several empires with an unfading halo! How they govern the infant nations with a deathless moral! How they sway our hearts with their sweetness;—how they counsel our spirits with their strength! How we turn to them in our ignorance for our models—how we invoke them in our timidity for our inspiration! They preserve the treasures,—they provide the jewels of a nation, when they embalm, in the “cedar oil” of immortality, the great deeds which have done honor to mankind!

In asking for the materials of art which are afforded us by our own history, we must not be thought friendly to the notion, that it is a sort of patriotism, amounting almost to a duty, that the American author should confine himself exclusively to the boundaries of his own country. Every man of genius has a certain character of inde-

pendence, any attempt to confine which, would be as derogatory to his independence, as it would be detrimental to his genius. This independence imparts to his mind an impulse, whose operations are very much like those of instinct. He cannot, if he would, withstand their influence; and if he seeks to obey the old law in such cases, and looks into his heart at all, he cannot help but write after its suggestions.* We should regard the doctrine of resolutely restraining ourselves to the national materials, as being rather slavish than national; unless the native tendencies of the writer's mind, carried him forward in their peculiar contemplation. But, at the same time, it must be remembered that the national themes seem to be among the most enduring. The most popular writers of all periods, have been always most successful, whenever they have addressed themselves to either of three great leading subjects,—their religion, their country and themselves! We need not particularize, but such, in great degree, are the themes of Homer, of Dante, of Milton, Shakspeare, Byron, Burns and Scott—and, indeed, of almost every writer, who has possessed any marked individuality of character. We state this proposition broadly, without deeming it necessary to suggest the several exceptions and qualifications which a very close scrutiny might detect. That sort of poetry or romance, which is of a didactic, or merely moral character, never can possess individuality—will be as characteristic of one country as another, and will fail, therefore, to excite a very strong enthusiasm in any. The writings of Cowper—a master in his way—are of this kind. Wordsworth, in our own day, though probably the greatest contemplative poet that has ever lived, labors to a considerable degree under the same deficiency. The thoughtful minds of all nations will yield him a sacred place in their regards. They will go with him to the haunted well in secret—they will linger with him, till after nightfall, for the Egeria of the grove,—and adopt his musings with a ready faith which shall prove how true to the moral nature were the sources of his inspiration. But he will arouse no impulses, waken no heart to enthusiasm, enkindle no generous impatience, lead to no mighty action.

The contemplative writer is usually a phlegmatic in temperament, who kindles no eyes, stirs no souls, touches none of the more vital strings of the passions and the heart. This is reserved for writers who appeal to the blood and the brain in common—writers of great

* "Fool! 'said my Muse to me,' look in thy heart and write."—*Sir Philip Sidney—Astrophel and Stella.*

personal courage and character—who seem ever eager for action, and whose themes will be found, as instanced already, either in themselves, their country, and their religion. It is such songs as theirs that become songs of a whole people—it is their names that are never suffered to die from remembrance; and when they yield to the common lot, the voice of their departure thrills through the great world's heart, as if an exquisite nerve, necessary to its sweetest functions, were suddenly smote asunder. How touchingly was this illustrated in the feeling among the lower classes in London, as they gathered silently in groups beneath the windows of the house in which Scott lay dying, and pointed out the sacred mansion to one another. They had a personal interest in the genius that had wound himself into the recesses of their own souls, and planted there the choicest seeds of new and grateful emotions. And so of one, of whom the moral world deems far less tenderly. We can all remember, what a pang went through this wide western land, when the news was brought us that Lord Byron was no more. He had made himself, in spite of his many weaknesses and vices, a part of our personal nature. His genius was a spell, which, speaking through warm and passionate blood, had appealed to similar passions, so effectually, as to command their sympathies, even in spite of the truth. To all those, to whom poetry constituted one of the necessary ingredients of life, his loss was personal. It was, as if all eyes had, on a sudden, beheld some great light go out in darkness from the sky.

A superficial criticism might object, that Lord Byron yielded but a small part of his genius to the illustration of his country's history; and that, of the plays of Shakspeare, the Chronicle Tragedies constitute but a small, and, perhaps, inferior portion of his mighty labors. We trust that we shall not surprise too many of our readers, when we assert that there is very little substantial difference, in reference to the artist, between the several topics of one's self, one's country, and one's religion! They produce like effects upon the mind of the writer—bring into activity the same intense individuality of feeling,—and, consequently, find that energetic and passionate utterance, which will always commend the story to other minds. It is only a more noble egotism which prompts us to speak of our country—to make its deeds our subject,—and its high places our scene. It is because it is *our* country—because its high places have been present to the eye of our childhood, and all its triumphs and interests have been incorporated by the silent processes of memory and thought, into the very soul of our personal existence. And, what can be more wholly personal to

us than our religion? Identified with our country,—for the religion of a nation is the most subtle and widely diffused element in its whole character and history—it is yet the distinct possession and duty of each individual man! It appeals hourly to his hopes and fears;—and all his deeds, whether of shame or greatness, necessarily refer to its holy and dread tribunal, for that verdict upon which the vast interests of the future life depend. Whether, therefore, the poet speaks directly of himself, his country, or his religion, he speaks in the fullness of his own soul, and from the overflowings of a burdened heart. His song is that of an aroused and earnest mind,—deeply excited, and earnest in its least impassioned language. And he who speaks *from* the soul, we need hardly say, speaks *to* the soul. He who shows himself to be in earnest in what he says, cannot fail to produce earnestness in those who hear him. This, indeed, is the great secret of the orator—it is the great secret of success in all labors of the intellect, which are addressed to the feelings or the understandings of men. The hearty expression of the Muse of Shakspeare, still declares the thorough English sentiment and feeling, even where his writings fail to contemplate English history;—and so, also, does every breathing of Lord Byron's egotism and passion—his vain pride—his intense kindlings—his stubborn resolution not to do right because his enemies censure his wrong doing—declare the genuine English character. Addressing himself to this character, in the usual language of English earnestness, he enters, every where, most readily, into the English sense. The commonest man in England, though he knows and cares little for the Muse, can yet understand such a song as that of Byron. It speaks the language of his own passion—his impulse—his confidence in his own strength—his bulldog powers of endurance—his stubborn consistency in error, from the false pride which makes him reluct at confession, and his resolution to persevere in wrong, for no better reason than because his neighbors have presumed to set him right.* All his great characteristics, his strength and his

* We have an amusing instance of this characteristic national trait in the notes of a late English traveller in our country. It is Col. Hamilton, we believe, who somewhere tells us that he refused to seek or to hear Daniel Webster, though very anxious to do so, simply because every body in America assured him that this was absolutely necessary. What could be more thoroughly English than this mode of convincing every body that they knew nothing of the matter, and were guilty of impertinence. True, we are too much given to this sort of impertinence, but really Mr. Hamilton need not have punished us so severely. And so, Mr. Daniel Webster—to his own great mortification, doubtless, remains to this day unknown to Col. Hamilton!

intensity, his scorn of the merely frivolous, his sense of the superior—his appreciation of virtue, even where it is unpractised,—his susceptibility to tenderness even in his pride and selfishness, the boldness of his aim, and the inflexible eagerness with which he pursues it, are embodied in the verse of this great but erring master.

The true and most valuable inspiration of the poet will be found either in the illustration of the national history, or in the development of the national characteristics. His themes, if unallied to these, will be very likely to lack permanence and general interest. The advantages afforded by national themes, have, therefore, seldom been disregarded by that class of writers whose genius is distinguished by much enthusiasm. They all feel, as if by instinct, the desire of Burns, who tells us, in his own artless manner, that his longing from childhood, had always been to make a song which should live "for poor old Scotland's sake." Putting aside the patriotism of this suggestion, it has its policy also. Poetry or romance, illustrative of those national events which the great body of the people delight to boast of—or of which they have only a partial knowledge,—possesses a sort of symbolical influence upon their minds, and seems, indeed, to become a visible form and existence to their eyes. As in the gorgeous rites of the Catholic faith, the God first enters the mind through the medium of the eye. The passion and the agony of Christ, having a lively representation to the sight, imparts, in turn, a vivid conviction to the heart; and the events of a national history, which we can associate with a place, and with a name, endowed with vitality by the song of the poet,—will make that place sacred, as a shrine for far seeking pilgrims,—and will render that name famous, as a sound, for deep-feeling and warm-loving spirits. A national history, preserved by a national poet, becomes, in fact, a national religion. Taught by him, we every where behold the visible monuments of the agonies of our martyrs. In England, we rush to the Abbey and the Tower, to Kennilworth and the Old Bower at Woodstock. In Scotland, with the help of Burns and Scott, we traverse the fields of Bannockburn and Flodden—we look over the lonely Loch to the ruins of Castle Douglas;—and stoop, with shuddering, and half averted gaze, over the blood-stains of Holyrood, which we are told, by the genius of the place, streamed from the heart of David Rizzo. The spell of genius, in thus making sacred the ruins of time, preserves itself from oblivion. What would be the homage of our children, down to the fourth and fifth generation of those, born after, who will love us,—to that inspired bard, who shall conduct them to the high places of our glory—

who shall lead them, and designate by a song, and by a sign, the old fields of Eutaw and Saratoga—who shall say—"there, by yon hillock, fell the veteran DeKalb;—and here, possibly on the very spot over which we stand, the death wound was given to the intrepid Jasper and Pulaski."*

*This performance was delivered in the city of Savannah,—at the siege of which, during the revolution, by the combined forces of France and the United States, the two brave soldiers above mentioned, met their death.

STANZAS.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

SILENT, with all her vassal stars, as ever,
 Night in the sky,
 Here, by this dark and lonely Indian river,
 Scarce moaning by;—
 Our spirits brood together in communion
 Too deep for speech;
 Thought wings its way to thought, and in their union
 'Tis love they teach.

And yet how deep the mock to this condition,
 That dream of youth,
 Whose night stars tremble over waves Elysian,
 Whose day is truth—
 Whose hope, with angel wings, to consummation
 Speeds from its birth,
 Whose joy, unfettered as at first creation,
 Bends heaven o'er earth.

Hast thou not felt the cruel world's denial,—
 Art thou not here;
 Exiled and tortured, ere thy soul had trial
 Of hope or fear;
 Unknown and unconsidered, thy devotion
 Denied a shrine;—
 Methinks, these waters speak for thy emotion,
 And echo mine.

The love that blesses youth is none of ours—
 No smiles, no tears—
 A sky that never moved the earth to flowers,
 In earlier years:—
 But the deep-consciousness, still speaking only,
 Of the twin-wo,
 That finds fit music in these waters lonely,
 That moan and go!

Millefleurs, Va.

AMERICAN PARTISAN WARFARE.*

LIEUT. COL. SIMCOE, the author of this Journal, was appointed to the command of a British regiment called the Queen's Rangers, towards the conclusion of the year 1777. It had already seen some service, was engaged in the action at Brandywine, and had been greatly reduced in numbers thereby, so that upon the appointment of Lieut. Col. Simcoe to the command, measures were taken to recruit it. The corps as originally formed was composed of Americans attached to the British cause, and the recruits were taken from those who were understood to be native American loyalists, (or to use an Americanism, Tories,) and deserters from the American army. To these the commander of the regiment was anxious to add such negroes as were then in Boston, but Gen. Gage, to whom the application was made, had the good sense to refuse the request, saying, that he had other employment for them.

The regiment consisted, when filled up, of eight battallion companies, a grenadier and a light infantry company; to which was added twelve dragoons, which number was afterwards increased to thirty; amounting in the whole to three hundred and sixty rank and file. This corps, being intended for detached service and the duties of an out-post, it was not deemed essential to instruct the men in any thing beyond precision in firing, the use of the bayonet, vigilance, patience of fatigue and strict attention to orders.

It may well be conceived that such a corps might have been of essential service in the war of the American revolution, in gaining information, seizing convoys of provision, attacking detached posts and beating up the quarters of an unguarded enemy, and such unfortunately was too much the character of the militia of the American colonies during that war. But, however constituted, such a corps would be comparatively harmless, unless it possessed a leader of such qualities and acquirements as are peculiarly requisite for this mode of warfare. Such an officer must not rely upon his knowledge of military tactics, or on his ability to display a given number of men on the field, but he must acquire the most accurate information possible of the country in which his operations are to be conducted, he must possess the aptitude to determine at a glance the heights and distances of

* SIMCOE'S MILITARY JOURNAL:—A history of the operations of a Partisan corps, called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Lieut. Col. J. G. Simcoe, during the War of the Revolution, etc. New-York: Bartlett & Welford. 1844.

objects, the extent of a plain, and the advantages or the reverse, of a position in a military point of view ; and he must be able to seize upon in a moment, and avail himself of any mistake or false step committed by an enemy. These qualities have been so well defined by a good judge, that we use his language to illustrate more fully our views. "The military *coup d'ail*, then, is nothing else than the art of knowing the nature and different situations of the country where we make and intend to carry on the war ; the advantages and disadvantages of the camp and posts that we mean to occupy ; as likewise those which may be favorable or disadvantageous to the enemy. By the position of our army, and the consequences drawn from it, we may not only form with precision our designs for the present, but judge of those we may afterwards have. It is alone by this knowledge of the country into which we carry the war, that a great captain can foresee the events of the whole campaign, and, if it may be expressed, render himself master of them ; because judging from what he himself has done, of what the enemy must necessarily do, forced as they are, by the nature of the places, to regulate their movements to oppose his designs, he conducts them from post to post, from camp to camp, to the very point he has proposed to himself to insure victory. Such, in a few words, is the military *coup d'ail*, without which it is impossible that a general should avoid falling into a number of faults of the greatest consequence. In a word, there are little hopes of victory if we are destitute of what is called the *coup d'ail* of war ; and as the military science is of the same nature with all others that require practice to possess them in all the different parts that compose them, this which I treat of, is, of all others, that which requires the greatest practice."*

We think it may fairly be inferred from the pages of the work before us, that our author possessed most of the qualities to which we have alluded, and that he deserved the reputation of a vigilant, enterprising and active partisan leader. While Sir Henry Clinton was quartered at New-York, Lieut. Col. Simcoe suggested to the British commander, and successfully executed, a project for destroying a number of flat boats which Gen. Washington had recently placed at Middlebrook on the Raritan river, and which were deemed of great consequence. Simcoe set out from New-York, with three hundred infantry of the Queen's Rangers, with the artillery and cavalry attached to that corps, and after a dangerous march through a country

* Memoirs of the Life of Maj. Gen. Charles Lee. pp. 56-57.

in the possession of his enemies, burned all the boats he found on the Raritan, dexterously eluded all the efforts of his opponents to intercept him on his return by taking another route, and after passing over fifty miles during the course of the night and morning, brought back his command in safety, with but a trifling loss—although the commander himself, in bringing up the rear of his detachment, which was attacked by a body of militia in ambuscade, was not so fortunate, for to use his own language, “when he saw some men concealed behind logs and bushes, between him and the opening he meant to pass through, and he heard the words ‘now, now,’ he found himself when he recovered his senses, prisoner with the enemy, his horse being killed with five bullets, and himself stunned by the violence of his fall.”

“This enterprise,” says Col. Lee, the commander of the American Legion, “was considered by both armies among the handsomest exploits of the war.” This author, also mentions in his memoirs, given in the appendix to the work before us, an incident which occurred during the same expedition, and which illustrates the ingenuity and presence of mind of this partisan officer. “Lieut. Col. Simcoe being obliged to feed once during the course of the night, stopped at a depot of forage collected for the continental army, assumed the character of Lee’s cavalry, waked up the commissary about midnight, drew the customary allowance of forage, and gave the usual vouchers, signing the name of the Legion quarter-master, without being discovered by the American forage commissary or his assistants. The dress of both corps was the same, green coats and leather breeches; yet the success of the stratagem is astonishing.”

We have been somewhat surprised, however, in looking over the pages of this Journal, to find how far promise has outrun performance, and it must be admitted, notwithstanding the fine appointments of this corps, and the spirit and enterprise of its leader, but little was effected by the Queen’s Rangers in advancing the success of the British arms in the war of the American revolution. Beyond the expedition to which we have alluded, there were some unimportant skirmishes at Quintin’s and Hancock’s bridges, in which small collections of raw militia were dispersed and slain, a small band of Indians were frightened at Kingsbridge, and Col. Gist had his quarters beaten up, and the huts which formed his camp, burnt—the Queen’s Rangers went into winter quarters, and they did nothing further in the middle States. Botta, in the history of the American war, sums up in three short sentences the exploits of this and other partisan corps in the service of Great Britain at this period. The British generals

he observes, "contented themselves with detaching their light troops to scour the country in the neighborhood of Philadelphia and the nearer parts of New-Jersey, in order to forage and secure the roads. These excursions produced nothing remarkable, except it be that an English detachment having surprised a party of Americans at the bridges of Quinton and Hancock, all the soldiers were barbarously massacred, while crying for quarter. The English, about the same time undertook an expedition up the Delaware, in order to destroy the magazines of Bordentown, and to take or burn the vessels which the Americans had withdrawn up the river between Philadelphia and Trenton; in both these enterprises they succeeded to their wishes."^{*}

This commander of the Queen's Rangers, not having very many important events to record, is pleased occasionally to make up for the amusement of his readers a man of straw, and gravely tells us, in a supposed case, like the bully in the Georgia scenes how he "could a fought." We are informed, that on a certain occasion, Count Pulaski was approaching a position which he occupied with the Queen's Rangers, on the Frankfort road, that he placed his light infantry in front, loaded, so as to occupy the whole road—his eight battalion companies were formed about thirty feet from the light infantry, in close column of companies, their bayonets fixed and their muskets not loaded—instructions were given to the grenadiers and the highland company to secure the flanks; "the men were so prepared and so cheerful, that if an opportunity of rushing on Pulaski's cavalry had offered, which by the winding of the road was probable, before they could be put into career, there remains no doubt upon the minds of those who were present, that it would have been a very honorable day for the Rangers."

It is probable too, that Gen. Washington never knew to the day of his death, what imminent peril he was in of being taken in his quarters, opposite New-York, by the Lieut. Colonel of the Queen's Rangers. Having ascertained, as he informs us, that Mr. Washington, (as he is always pleased to designate the commander-in-chief of the American army,) was quartered at a considerable distance from his forces, he thought it would be easy to carry him off. After preparing a map of the country, he communicated his scheme to Gen. Stirling, who appears not to have been much struck with the practicability of the project, as he coolly replied to the communication, "Sir, your ideas are great, and would be of importance if fulfilled." Lieut. Col. Sim-

^{*} Hist. Am. War, vol. ii., 68.

coe, however, made the most ingenious dispositions for the purpose, with full confidence of success; "his only apprehension being, in case Mr. Washington should personally resist, by what means he could bring him off and preserve his life—when to his great surprise his hussars were ordered to march with a convoy over the ice to New-York."

This author takes credit to himself for controlling the movements of Gen. Washington, to a degree, which we are assured his readers will not be disposed to allow. Soon after surprising Col. Gist in his camp, and setting fire to his huts, "Mr. Washington," he tells us, "quitted the White-Plains; and Lieut. Col. Simcoe was not a little gratified at the country people, among other reasons, attributing this measure to the continual checks which his light troops received." We are forcibly reminded by this sentence, of Æsop's fly, sitting on the chariot wheel and exclaiming—What a dust I raise! We have not the slightest doubt that Lieut. Col. Simcoe, believed implicitly, that the motives of Gen. Washington were governed by his own, for to the most comfortable opinion of himself, he added a thorough contempt for every one who was not British or Tory; and he informs us that—no person could hold more cheaply than he thought himself authorized to do, those men on whom the enemy had conferred the title of Generals. Holding them thus cheaply, he never, or very seldom uses the title given to designate the rank of the officers in the American army, and uniformly speaks of the commander-in-chief as Mr. Washington, of Gen. La Fayette as simply Fayette, or M. Fayette, and sometimes Mr. Fayette, while he repeats his own title *ad nauseam*, and never fails to give to the veriest subaltern in the British army—cornet Merritt or sergeant Kelly, his appropriate military title.

In the same spirit, at another place, he writes thus: "Lieut. Col. Simcoe who, from his childhood, had been taught to consider the military as the most extensive and profound of sciences, had no apprehension from the talents of such men as had been educated in different professions, and whom accident had placed at the head of armies; and he had always asserted it as a principle, that, from the superiority of the king's troops, whether cavalry or infantry, he would be totally unconcerned for the event of any action he might have with the enemy." We make no other comment on the above passage, than merely to refer to the result of the war, which surely did not justify such arrogant pretension to military superiority.

We intended to follow Lieut. Col. Simcoe into Virginia, whither he was sent with his regiment, first, under Gen. Arnold, and afterwards under Maj. Gen. Phillips and Lord Cornwallis; but as they did little else than destroy a very great many hogsheads of tobacco, we will only remark that the author of this journal, though he relates with the most minute circumstantiality every incident in which he or his regiment took part, touches very lightly upon the most important event of that year, and we might add of the war—the surrender of York Town, by which he and the Queen's Rangers were both snuffed out.

We cannot, however, pass over without comment, some remarks of our author, in which he attempts to depreciate the conduct and military skill of Gen. La Fayette. In recommending to Gen. Phillips a different rout from that which was taken by a portion of the British army under Gen. Arnold, on a previous occasion, with a view of surprising Gen. La Fayette, Simcoe suggested that he would reach the heights of Richmond on the left flank, if not on the rear "of Fayette, who would, as it was reasonable to presume, expect the British troops by the route which Gen. Arnold has so recently taken, and whose gasconading disposition and military ignorance might possibly tempt him to stay too long in the face of troops his equals in numbers, and superior in every thing else that could form the value of an army." And in another place, "but none of Mr. Fayette's reasons impress any idea of his military talents." Yet Lieut. Col. Simcoe must have known, and did know, that every word of censure used against Gen. La Fayette was a reflection doubly galling to his own commanding officer, Lord Cornwallis; for, with an army superior *in numbers*, in appointments, in discipline and length of service, and in cavalry, the latter could not in an open country force his antagonist to a single action, and, after a number of skirmishes with the light troops, which resulted in nothing but the loss of a few lives, and the destruction of public stores and private property, and where success was claimed by both sides, Lord Cornwallis suffered himself to be shut up by Gen. La Fayette in a petty town, and at length yielded himself and army to the combined forces of America and France.

The author of this journal exhibits, throughout his book, an ill-concealed aversion to Gen. Washington, and ask the questions—"In the length of the war, for what one generous action has Mr. Washington been celebrated? What honorable sentiment ever fell from his lips?" He—We will not answer those questions. Our countrymen have answered them—his countrymen have answered them—the world

has answered them—and we leave the fame of Washington to that posterity which this puny scribbler has invoked in another sentence of the same page, far beyond the reach of his petty malice, whose name would not have ascended to our times, but for the occasional mention of it in connexion with some unimportant transaction and this worthless volume.

J.

SONG.—AH! TURNING O'ER THE CLASSIC PAGE.

Ah! turning o'er the classic page,
 The unbidden tear will start,
 Since musing o'er the heroic age,
 We lose the heroic heart:—
 That heart that beat with love and glory's tide,—
 That heart so fond and free,
 That knew no fonder hope, no dearer pride,
 Than when, triumphing as it died,
 It proved its generous truth and holy loyalty.

The soul at glory's call that sprung,
 The love whose ardent youth,
 On beauty's slightest accents hung,
 And yielded truth for truth,—
 Ah! for such love in these degenerate days!—
 For valor such pure flame,
 That, battling to the death in beauty's gaze,
 Implored no blessing but her praise,
 And deem'd her tearful smile the very light of fame.

And it is fame! Hearts cherish long,
 Wherever feeling weeps, the brave;
 And valor lives in beauty's song,
 And constant faith survives the grave:—
 Still o'er the page that tells of generous deeds,
 The fond heart lingers yet;
 Glows with its triumph, in its anguish bleeds,
 And though it weeps the while, still weeps and reads,
 And never can forget.

AT PARTING.

I HAVE no joy when thou art far, and if thou need'st must fly,
 My soul shall feel perpetual war, till thou again art nigh,
 Then let the seas be quiet seas, and let the stars appear,
 And every cloud, as soft as these, be beautiful and clear.

COTTON AND TOBACCO PARALLELS.

WE have no fear, but that, with the vigorous intellect and bold courage of the Anglo-Norman race, all things will work right in the end; and yet, it is very certain that there will be many suggestions, nay, many absolute movements, in which our policy may be erroneously counselled. Without proposing anew to discuss our agricultural condition, having already given to the subject a larger number of our pages in the present number, than we could well appropriate, we are yet persuaded to advert to a letter on this topic, by Mr. F. W. Davie, a gentleman of education and influence, which has found its way into the city papers, addressed to certain of our politicians. This letter, as it lacks something of explicitness, is liable to be somewhat understood. Insisting that the present condition of the cotton planter is "more hopeless and ruinous than at any other period in our history," the writer proceeds to declare the cause of this condition, and to suggest what he esteems a sufficient remedy. In considering the former topic, he says nothing of the injurious effect of a tariff of protection upon the foreign market for cotton, and urges overproduction as the sole cause of our embarrassments. Overproduction, perhaps, would not be felt so seriously as an evil, if we were not purchasers of all commodities other than the one we produce, for it is in the necessity to buy, quite as much as in that under which we strive to sell, that our embarrassment consists. As a remedy for this evil of overproduction, he proposes simply that we should not—overproduce! This, in plain language, is the whole secret. The cure is simple enough—infallible, says the physician,—only persuade the patient to take it! There's the rub! You must forbear planting a full crop, says Mr. Davie, or, if planted—we are to suppose—the best course will be to consign one half to the logheap on the first gusty day in January. It is taken for granted, and we are far from denying the assumption, that the residue will command quite as much money, in the *then* diminished supply, as the whole would have done, in the aggregate, if bagged and sent to market. This idea of burning half of the commodity to secure a proper sale for the rest, must not be laughed at. It is not without authority among the ancients. Our classics may remind us of one famous instance, in which a subtle mind will discover more than one moral, worthy of being studied by all classes. The Sybil who offered her manuscripts to Tarquinius Superbus, went upon this principle; and would, doubtless, had she lived in our day—a snug widow on a comfortable plantation in one of the parishes—have

dealt with her long and short staples, very much as she did with the oracles of the Cumæan Sybil—getting for the last three bags the full price which she had originally demanded for the nine. The scheme of Mr. Davie, though it may not contemplate the extreme proceedings of our weird woman, is yet, even so far as it goes, liable to some serious obstacles. The first, and, indeed, the only one which needs to be considered, arises from the utter impossibility of persuading the cotton growers in all the States to any thing like uniform action in the matter; and, without their common consent and concurrence, the whole scheme, contemplated as a great movement, to have a sudden and obvious result—whether for burning the surplus, or simply planting short,—would be utterly abortive. The hope to persuade them to either step, is, beyond all question, extravagant and idle. The proposition will bear no speculation, not even for a single instant. Overproduction is an evil which, after due time, will inevitably cure itself—one, indeed, that is beginning to cure itself,—at all events, in South-Carolina. If it does not, propositions like this of Mr. Davie, are as vain as would be the expostulation of the coast captain with *el norte* of the Gulf of Mexico. The planter who gets small prices for his cotton and rears it upon poor lands, will very soon turn his attention to other States or other employments, or he must inevitably go to the dogs. This is the history of all other pursuits and professions. The same necessities attend on each. The merchant, the manufacturer, the shipper, the mechanic. Is the planter more witless than they—less able to see that he is wasting time, labor, capital, all, in a fruitless struggle against necessity. The error has been, and is still, that we have always striven for that commodity which has a money value in the market; and so long as we are able to get money for our ware, we do not trouble ourselves to ask what we do with the money. Our planter will, after a while, discover that it amounts to very much the same thing, if he raises all that he wants at home, and does not send any thing to the market. He will see that to get a certain amount in cash for his cotton to expend again for commodities which might easily be raised in place of the cotton, is, after all, a pitiable, as well as an injurious, delusion. He will accordingly proceed to do that, individually, and without asking what his neighbors are about, which Mr. Davie requires a convention of States and planters to perform. He will alter his economy—abridge the number of acres which he puts in cotton, and proceed to raise those articles which are of easy growth, and for which the money from his cotton has hitherto been appropriated. The remedy must begin at home,

where the blunder began, on each man's homestead, in each man's economy. As cotton ceases to be his primary, his only object, the production of it will necessarily be lessened and the value raised,—and the successful working of one individual, in this manner, soon affects hundreds in his neighborhood. The farmer will gradually take the place of the planter, and he will then have some capital, in land, to sell to the landless. Population will become more dense, and new necessities and new improvements will go together. There will be an increasing demand for provisions, and the grain which cannot be sold, will be turned into mules and horses, cattle and hogs, all of which will find a better market than short staples. These will make him independent of Kentucky and North-Carolina. His sheep will give him the woollens for which he is now indebted to New England; and he will raise his own hogs, without looking to, or waiting for, his friends of Tennessee and Ohio. It is not possible to enumerate the many interests, in which he will make himself free, by a simple, individual process, of all those log-rolling brethren of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, who, in their excess of cupidity, are most effectually about to slaughter the goose which has laid them such golden eggs. Goose no longer, as we reckon, in the revolution which we see, silently, but surely on the progress for our relief! But, on this head, enough has been said already in other pages of this journal. The scheme of Mr. Davie should properly be addressed to the individual, and not to the community. If it has any significance beyond that indicated above, it is neither a new nor practicable one. It has been attempted, not only among foreign nations, but our own—by Virginia, by Maryland, by the Carolinas. To illustrate its insufficiency, let us give some striking instances from our own history.

In 1621, Sir Francis Wyatt, being Governor of Virginia, the people of that colony, says Beverly,* "began to grow numerous, thirteen hundred settling there that year; which was the occasion of making so much tobacco as to overstock the market. *Wherefore his majesty, out of pity to the country. sent his commands. that they should not suffer their planters to make above hundred pounds of tobacco per man; for the market was so low, that he could not afford to give them above three shillings the pound for it. He advised them rather to turn their spare time towards providing corn and stock, and towards the making of potash or other manufactures.*"

* History Virginia, page 39.

But either the planters did not take this wholesome advice and did not obey this law, or it proved inefficacious,—for, in 1663, two years after, we find another passage to the same effect, but coupled with a circumstance which makes the case one almost of parallelism with that of our own. Let the reader remark the following :—

“Another misfortune happened to the plantation this year, which was a new act of parliament in England, laying a severer restraint upon their supplies than formerly. By this act they could have no foreign goods that were not first landed in England, and carried directly from thence to the plantations; the former restraint of importing them only by Englishmen, in English built shipping not being thought sufficient. This was a misfortune that cut with a double edge; for, first, it reduced their staple, tobacco, to a very low price; and, secondly, it raised the value of European goods to what the merchants pleased to put them.” p. 61.

Here is a tyranny like that of our tariff,—the measure being a selfish one for the exclusive good of the manufacturing State at the cost of the agricultural, and the result being precisely the same, intending to degrade the value of the staple, and to render desperate the planters. But the remedy, in Virginia, as again thought on, was that of Mr. Davie. It was again impotent.

“For this their assembly could think of no remedy but to be even with the merchants, and make their tobacco scarce, by prohibiting the planting of it for one year; and during that idle year to invite the people to enter upon manufactures. But—”

And here occurs the difficulty of which Mr. Davie thinks too lightly, and which we may gently tell him, that no convention of States or planters, could possibly agree upon.

“But Maryland not concurring in this project, they were obliged in their own defence to repeal the act of assembly again, and return to THEIR OLD DRUDGERY of planting tobacco.”*

It will not be unprofitable, perhaps, to follow up our extracts with another, particularly where the narrative jumps so pat with our own experience, and present difficulties.

“The country,” says our historian, “thus missed of their remedy in the stint of tobacco; which, on the contrary, multiplied exceedingly by the great increase of servants. This, together with the abovementioned curbs on trade, exasperated the people, because now they found themselves under a necessity of exchanging their commodities with the

* Beverly, page 61.

merchants of England at their own terms. The assembly, therefore, again attempted the stint of tobacco, and passed another act against planting it for one year:—and Carolina and Maryland both agreed to it. But some accident hindering the agent of Carolina from giving notice thereof to Maryland by the day appointed, the Governor of that province declared the act void; although every body there knew that Carolina had fully agreed to all things required of them. But he took advantage of this nice punctilio, because of the loss such a diminution would have been to his annual income; and so all people relapsed again into THE DISEASE OF PLANTING TOBACCO."

Nettled and mortified, Virginia was yet anxious to force the measure upon the tobacco States. "*Being conscious of her low condition, they were resolved to take all patiently, and by fair means get relief if they could.*" Agents were accordingly appointed to meet the Marylanders, and if possible to re-enact the treaty. These proceeded on this business to St. Mary's, the seat of government then of Maryland;—"yet," says Beverly, "*all this condescension could not hold them to their bargain.*" The Governor refused to call the assembly upon the subject, *satisfied*, as he must have been, "*that the measure could in no way be commended to the planters themselves.*" If it was difficult in that day to persuade one little colony into the scheme, what is our hope now when there are a dozen States to be convinced, with planters and plantations spread over thousands of miles—many of them over head and ears in debt, and looking to the one commodity, alone, for the means of payment, having no time for experiments of this, or any sort, with the sheriff's hammer knocking at their doors!

In the meanwhile, says our historian, "*England was studious to prevent their receiving supplies from any other country*" To do that more effectually, it was thought expedient to confine the trade of that colony to one place. But that not being found practicable, because of the many great rivers that divide their habitations, and the extraordinary conveniences of each; his majesty sent directions to build forts in the several rivers, and enjoined all the ships to ride under those forts; and further ordered that those places only should be the ports of trade."

Here then are your specific ports of entry, your custom house, and revenue cutters,—all compact, according to the most approved system among the moderns. These are checks upon trade and agriculture for which both must pay, and these still further add to their cost and charges. From the burdensome weight of this tyranny, our Virginians escaped for the time, by the occurrence of the plague in London.

The dread of contagion, kept the planters from the ports of entry, and from the use of British goods, and "so," says Beverly, "every body was left at liberty again. *Still no favor could be obtained for the tobacco trade, and the English merchants afforded a bare sufficiency for their crops.* The assembly was full of resentment, but overlooked the right way of redress. All they could do was to cause looms and work houses to be set up in the several counties at the county charge. They renewed the rewards of silk, and put great penalties upon every neglect of making flax and hemp."

The famous rebellion of Bacon, which upset the authority, for a season, of Sir William Berkeley, followed hard upon this condition of things, and by Beverly is distinctly ascribed to them. "Four things may be reckoned to have been the main ingredients towards this intestine commotion, viz: 1. *The extreme low price of tobacco, and the ill usage of the planters in the exchange of goods for it, which the country, with all their endeavors, could not remedy.* 2. The splitting the colony into properties, contrary to the original charters; and the extravagant taxes they were forced to undergo to relieve themselves from these grants. 3. *The heavy restraints and burdens laid upon their trade by act of parliament in England.* 4. The disturbance given by the Indians."

There can be no doubt but that Nathaniel Bacon, an ambitious and popular leader, made use of the distresses and discontents of the people, growing mainly out of the unjust policy of Great Britain, for his own elevation;—and he was temporarily successful. Beverly, in illustrating the third among his propositions, affords us a paragraph which it would not be well to lose.

"Upon the back of all these misfortunes came out the Act of 25 Car. ii., for better securing the plantation trade. By this Act several duties were laid on the trade from one plantation to another. This was a new hardship, and the rather, because *the revenue arising by this Act was not applied to the use of the plantation wherein it was raised, but given clear away;*"—equivalent to our distribution of a surplus fund, according to ration of representation, among States in which no part of the money was raised.

The evil of overproduction returned with returning quiet, and, under the administration of Sir Henry Chicheley, "*too much tobacco was made for market, and the merchants would hardly allow the planter any thing for it.* This occasioned much uneasiness again, and the people, from former experience, *despairing of succeeding in any neighboring governments, resolved a total destruction of the tobacco in that*

country, especially of the sweet scented, because that was planted no where else. In pursuance of which design, they contrived, that all the plants should be destroyed while they were yet in the beds, and after it was too late to sow more."

This was a popular movement to do that which Mr. Davie thinks ought to have been done.

"The ringleaders in this project began with their own first, and then went to cut up the plants of such of their neighbors as were not willing to do it themselves. However, they had not resolution enough to go through with their work."

Here is a hint for the advocates of Mr. Davie's project. It may be as well to state, however, that this patriotism was adjudged to be "sedition and felony," and some of the patriots were hung for it. This seems hard, too, for Beverley, elsewhere, calls it nothing but an accident—"this *accident* of plant cutting," is his phrase—leading us to suppose that the historian thought less heinously of the offence than the judges by whom it was punished. It is very clear that the "accident" failed entirely of the effect desired, as, indeed, we may safely conclude must be the case with all speculative experiments upon the habits of a people, for which the individual mind of the citizen is unprepared. Legislation or Convention, which endeavors to forestal or run counter to public opinion, where the interest is so immediate and important as that of the purse, will always be likely in this way to baffle its own objects and defeat itself. The matter, in this respect, seems to be one rather for the man than the country. You must inform his mind, awaken his speculative propensities, convince him by details, and stimulate his will, before you can hope to effect any radical change in his domestic economy. The working of such a process is always gradual, and can never be done in a day, by an essay in the prints, or a speech from the stump. Men will follow the beaten track, for a long time, in spite of the short cut and the better route;—will continue to plant the thing they have been used to plant, whether it be tobacco, indigo or cotton, long after it ceases to reward their labor;—and this from sheer habit, from a natural docility which distinguishes labor, and from other natural and moral causes which should suggest themselves to every thoughtful mind. They will thus jog on, after the old fashion, even after all legitimate hope of profit is at an end. They will still hope for better times. The planter who has reached the age of forty-five, will never be convinced that prices will not come back to what they were twenty-five years ago. He will have a hundred reasons for his hope. The squabbles of the

French and English at Tahiti, the troubles of the former in Algiers with Abdel Kader, and of the latter in India with the mountaineers of Afghanistan,—or the recent acquisition of the trade with China,—these and a thousand other daily occurring events, will put him in heart and hope, and keep him at the “old drudgery” and “disease,” as Beverly calls tobacco planting, of cotton cultivation,—until banks and factors give him official notice of foreclosure,—his hope dying only with their patience. We cannot save him by any royal process. He must, like all other men, in all other ages, pay the usual penalties for his experiments. If he will not learn till too late, the chances are still in favor of his children. Necessity will enforce, in their case, those lessons of truth and wisdom, which are not easily taught by any other school-master.

The extracts which we have here made from the history of a sister State, are full of pregnancy, and are so truly illustrative of our condition, and so justly declare the causes of it, that they cannot fail, at this juncture, to enforce the opinion we have elsewhere expressed, that we owe our decline to the twofold and malign influences of unwise and unjust government on the one hand, and the overproduction of our commodity on the other. The Congress of the United States is pursuing a policy towards the States of the South, precisely such as was pursued by the ministers of James the First and Charles II., in the case of Virginia; and the devotion of our planters to the culture of cotton only, until they fail of food and clothing, is precisely that of the Virginians in their devotion to tobacco. We trust that the Congress on the one hand, and the planters on the other, will see the error of their ways; for as sure as the latter feel the danger of starvation and nakedness pressing upon them, whether because of too much tariff or too much tobacco, it may be taken for granted that there will be such an accidental cutting up of the plants, as will prevent much profitable cropping by either party. The very best and most wholesome government in the world is in danger, when the people for whom it is designed have become desperate in their fears, because of their fortunes.

FRIENDLY SYMPATHY—FROM THE LATIN.

PACUVIUS once lamented to his friend,
 “On the same tree my three wives made their end:”—
 His wedded friend had fitting sympathy—
 “Ah! to my garden let me bear that tree!”

EDITORIAL BUREAU.

CORINNE; OR ITALY. BY MAD. DE STAEL. H. G. LANGLEY. 1815.

CORINNE may be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, the most remarkable and masculine of all female writers. It belongs to the order of psychological romances, a species of composition which cannot be undertaken with success by any but those who are equally and largely endowed with imagination, and the habit of philosophical inquiry. Though a beautiful and touching story, it is not so much as a story, as a study, that it is to be read. It is quite as much an analysis, as a development, of the human heart; and dissects, quite as frequently as it exposes, its varieties of mood, its weaknesses and strength, its tenacity of hold, its caprices, its truth and inconsistencies. Written in a clear, manly style, with few affectations, and still fewer insincerities,—pursuing an object carefully selected, through processes adjusted before hand by deliberate thought and the nicest judgment,—it is a model and masterpiece of its kind. Its chief defects are as a story. The character of Lord NELVIL is feeble, and the reader cannot approve of the effort which the author makes to maintain his dignity, after he has been degraded by his own pliancy of heart and infirmity of temper. We are not satisfied that she has furnished, even to a diseased imagination, such as his, a sufficiently adequate reason, in the last letter of his father, for his refusal to marry CORINNE. If the reasons of the father were good before CORINNE was beheld by the son, they were applicable to no other period. They certainly ceased to be of force when the parties had met, and, when ignorant of his father's opinions, Lord NELVIL had won her affections, and deprived her of all hope, solace, resource and sympathy, but such as belonged to himself to give. The prejudices of the father, however well founded originally, should not have borne a feather's weight in the son's mind, against his truth, his honor, and the hope and love of the woman whose heart he broke. CORINNE is an exquisite personification of genius tried, tasked, tempted, and denied. There is no more powerful or glowing portrait in fiction. The work embodies the thoughts and observations of the writer on Italy, on its politics and morals, its arts, and its drama, happily suggested as those of the parties to the story,—CORINNE, OSWALD and others. These are generally eloquent, frequently true, always interesting and provocative of thought. The reader, to admire CORINNE, must skip nothing and give himself no concern about the story. This is a work particularly of details. You must examine as you go, and feel your way, and let the words which are uttered task all your attention, that you may lose nothing that is precious, that you may believe nothing that is not true. It is a study of the beautiful, and combines, in singular degree, the qualities of the ancients with the best requisites of the moderns. It has all the symmetry and singleness of purpose of the classic writers, with all the warmth and color of the romanticists. It blends and contrasts the tone and rigor of the North, with the softness and delicacy of the South. It is at once vague, yet bold in its outlines, rich and chaste, commanding and attractive. Once more, it must be read deliberately, with thought awakened, and fancy on the alert,

and a generous and confiding sense of the beautiful at heart, so that none of the subtler objects of the design shall be lost sight of, and none subject to a standard which shall be rude and inappropriate. The present translation is a good one, with the exception of the poetry by Miss LONDON, which is very faulty and prosaic.

SONNETS By EDWARD MOXON. London.

Mr. MOXON is an English publisher, well known for the extreme beauty of his publications. He is not so well-known as one of the minor poets of the day. Here is a very pretty, and somewhat tiny volume, solely given up to sonnets. Many of these are sweet and fanciful. All of them are graceful and melodious. The writer is not a poet to stir the stronger emotions, but he is a pleasant companion, by grove or streamlet, to interest us in passing contemplations. He will stop gently, arrest us with a modest intimation of having something to show us, and draw our steps forward, without eagerness or haste, to such pleasing views, as a frequent wayfarer is apt to remark by hill-slope or river side. A single specimen of Mr. Moxon's verse, must suffice for the present. Here is one of those which he dedicates to love,—a theme, upon which a gentle spirit is always musical.

My love she is a lonely but sweet flower,
And I would wear her in my heart, for she
Is full of fragrance, and such modesty
That I even sanctify that precious hour,
When first mine eyes her worshipper became.
He who hath mark'd the opening rose in Spring,
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For fortune if I struggle, or for fame,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark black hair
And darker eye. My only wish to share
The sunless sums low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with them I may my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

ARTHUR'S (T. S.) TALES. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1845.

THIS author has somewhat distinguished himself by his domestic fabrics. The stories before us bear very attractive titles. "Lovers and Husbands;"—"Married and Single;"—what could be more inviting to the young spirit, just about to taste of life in its more serious capacities. The youth, eager for the first time in the pursuit of beauty;—the maiden, sighing for the first time, she knows not well wherefore;—both equally confiding, full of hope, and impatient in their keen anticipations. The stories of Mr. ARTHUR are warnings, and exhortations, and counsels, to all such persons. They embody the morals of domestic life and social training, and it is something in favor of the author's success in the manufacture of these homely narratives, that he is singularly wanting in imagination. He has no fancy, and nothing of invention. A tolerable capacity to bring together and combine what he sees and finds, in an unpretending form, is his greatest art. His merits are those of a careful observer and an honest describer of ordin-

ary life. The false economies, purposeless endeavours, mean artifices, vain delusions, erring impulses, and wild profligacies of the young beginner, as they occur in the every-day progress of domestic events,—constitute his chief materials. He shows a good match off to the best, and a bad one to the worst advantage. He deals very successfully in these contrasts, and may be safely recognized as a wholesome counsellor, whose morals, if they never greatly elevate, will never impair the character and must promote the substantial good of the reader. These two little volumes are of this complexion. Married and single life are very fairly contrasted, and their several claims and objections presented with considerable justice in the one;—in the other, “Lovers and Husbands,” a like comparison, shows us the *pour et contre*, with a melancholy vivacity. Mr. ARTHUR’s style is very loose and careless at times, and he has picked up and petted two or three affected phrases of the novelists. Thus, we find one of his maidens telling us that “Whitney has *opened up* to me all his heart,” when the simple “opening” of the heart would have answered every purpose. It is borrowed from BULWER, who uses it in a different sense,—in reference to the pictorial or picturesque,—as one might be permitted to say in reference to an object of vision, “he opened up to sight a prolonged and beautiful perspective—a delicious landscape,” etc.; but even then with only a slight gain, in a sense purely picturesque, and at some slight expense of idiom. It is in some such manner that the English author has employed the peculiarity. Mr. ARTHUR cherishes the phrase, which is repeated frequently.—So again, our author in his own person says, “Her heart *plead* for him,” instead of “*pleaded*,” and this too is a repeated error. These are small matters, but in such tidy little volumes as these, they should not occur. Besides, Mr. ARTHUR is a cool, reflective writer, and not a passionate one,—not led away into enthusiastic indiscretion of language, by the impetuosity of a genius, too much pressed with fancies and ideas to stop for their careful utterance. He should write deliberately, and polish with that nicety which is demanded by the delicacy of his wares, and of that class to whom they are addressed. In all moral respects, his books are unobjectionable.

GREGG ON COTTON MANUFACTURES AND DOMESTIC INDUSTRY. Charleston: BURGESS & JAMES.

THIS is a bold and honest pamphlet, which hits our industry and economy between wind and water; tells us some wholesome truths, in a frank and hearty manner, and proves the author to be as shrewd in his opinions, as he is stubborn in their assertion. It might have been a better policy, had some of the severity been tempered a little more in the expression. The counsel would have worked more kindly—the medicine might not so much have offended the palate; but there are times, when truth; to be wholesome, should be roughly spoken, and it may be the notion of Mr. Gregg that such is just now the condition of South-Carolina. At all events, the evident honesty of our author, his intelligence and good sense, should persuade us to hear him patiently; and the patriotism of his counsel, may well move us to tolerate the sometimes harsh accents in which it is spoken. This pamphlet contains many interesting facts and speculations, which cannot be too closely or keenly pursued, to analysis, by those among us who are at all solicitous of our political and social well-being. We sincerely hope that the experiments which its counsels may be tried, promptly, energetically, and with

all those precautions upon which it insists. Mr. Gregg is a good citizen, and a good example in enterprise, industry and far-sightedness, to all who are, or aim to become, good citizens.

GEOLOGY OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

WE have before us the Report of Mr. TUOMEY, Geological Surveyor of the State, presented to the Legislature at its late session, and showing what progress has been made in the survey during the past year. We could have wished that this document had been less scientific in its form,—that it had been better adapted to the popular reader, and thus, more accessible to practical use than will be the case at present. The technicalities of science are apt to discourage the plain farmer, and drive him from a study in which he might find much to inform himself and to improve his interests. Though Mr. TUOMEY began his researches late in the year, he has made considerable progress, and, as the Legislature, with a becoming sense of what is due to the character of the State, the necessities of the people, and to the civilization of the age, has continued the appropriation, we have now every reason to believe that we shall be provided, in two years more, with a very adequate knowledge of our mineral and geological resources. It is but justice to South-Carolina, to claim for her, over all the sister States, the initial movement in researches of this nature. Mr. VANUXEM, in 1826, made the first geological report which had ever originated in the patronage of any State in the Union. He examined the Districts of York, Spartanburg, Pickens and Abbeville, and made a considerable collection of rocks and minerals. His labors, followed by those of RUFFIN and TUOMEY, will probably put us in possession of a cabinet equally valuable and extensive. Mr. RUFFIN confined his survey chiefly to the lower country, and the middle districts of the State. He developed our calcareous resources, and showed them to compare with the very richest yet known to any people. The researches of Mr. TUOMEY have carried him into the mountain districts. Our space will not allow us to abridge just now the contents of his report. We trust that it will elicit the critical examination of some of our scientific readers. Of our granite rocks, Mr. TUOMEY remarks, that "they do not occupy a position at all prominent in proportion to the extent to which they are developed. They nowhere occupy large continuous areas, very seldom form ridges of any height or extent, and never rise into any thing approaching a mountain in elevation." Our granite he speaks of as particularly fine, and designates the more conspicuous exposures as lying "along that part of the State which is drained by Broad River, or between the Catawba and Saluda Rivers." Our iron ore he describes as abundant, including three species, *the magnetic oxide of iron, specular oxide of iron, and hydrous per oxide of iron, or brown hematite*,—and the quality is spoken of as particularly good. Of coal, Mr. TUOMEY says,—“A glance at the table exhibiting the rocks of the State, will show at once that there is no possibility of the occurrence of coal,—the immense series of rock which include the coal formation, between the clay slate and the new red sand-stone, being entirely wanting,—a deficiency, which renders it particularly incumbent upon our manufacturers, that they should economise their fuel to the utmost. “The gold formation of South-Carolina,” says the Surveyor, “is interesting, both for its extent and the variety of its auriferous rocks, gold being found in every formation, from the granite to the talcose state, inclusive.” “To present an estimate, even approach-

ing the truth, of the absolute value of the mines of the State, would require one-half the time that I had to devote to the examination of the whole primary region. This much is certain, that their chief value consists in the great thickness of the beds and veins, and not in their otherwise peculiar richness." The building materials of the State are particularly insisted upon,—their abundance and quality being such as should make us entirely independent of other States. The granite and sienite around Columbia, are commended for their fine grain, uniform appearance, and great strength and durability. "Among the beautiful granites of the State, the porphyritic granite of Camden and Buffalo Creek, and the red granite near Columbia, are preferred." "Of the sienites, those found in Abbeville, Fairfield and Lexington, are the most beautiful." "The white and variegated marbles of Spartanburg and Laurens," are equally durable and ornamental. Gneiss for flagging as well as building, is found in Pickens and York. The soap stone, for fire stones, is of very fine quality at numerous places; and of porcelain earth, abundant supplies are afforded in several of the districts, so very superior, that, according to Mr. TUOMEY, "a little more taste and skill combined in the manufacture, and the pottery of this State would be unrivalled." In this summary, we have just glimpsed at a few of the heads of topics, without presuming to discuss them.

GREGG'S 'COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.' H. G. LANGLEY.

THE very title of this book is an attraction. The volumes, neatly printed and bound, and with numerous plates, are not less so. The subject is one of curious interest, to be discussed at some length, and under its political aspects chiefly. The commerce of the prairies, of those great plains of the South-west, stretching from the waste confines of Louisiana, through Texas and back of Texas proper, to the Mexican settlements, is a theme of great interest for the statesman. The book of Mr. GREGG, is beyond all comparison, the most satisfactory that has yet been published on this subject. He tells us, in all probability all that can be known, up to the present period in relation to this trade. He himself was engaged in it to some extent; made eight expeditions across the great western prairies, and resided nearly nine years in northern Mexico. He was a man of business, and prefers no claims beyond, to the reader's attention. Still, there is much that is picturesque in his narrative,—a fact which is due, most probably, rather to the subject itself, than to the writer. The grassy sea of plain, the wild passes of northern Mexico, the immense herds of buffalo—the stampede—the savage troop rising suddenly at midnight from the path,—their wild hurrah, and onslaught, and capricious march;—these are subjects to make a poet of him upon whom Apollo never thought to cast a ray.

COOPER'S AFLOAT AND ASHORE. WILEY & PUTNAM.

WE read even the feeblest works of Mr. COOPER with great satisfaction. He is always thoughtful and sensible,—suggestive,—bold in his views, and invariably and *wholesomely* American. He does not appeal to our vanities, it is true,—but he is the better friend for all that. "Miles Wallingford" is one of the very best of his latter writings,—in good style and spirit, and with more than usual skill in

the delineation of character. There is a sequel forthcoming, to which we look with no little interest. Some idea of the wretched condition to which American literature is reduced, may be gathered from the fact that this author, who was the first to draw attention to the literary genius of the country, cannot now find a publisher, and is compelled to become his own. What can be hoped from the destiny of a nation thus grossly insensible to the exigencies of the national mind.

Since penning the preceding paragraph, we are put in possession of the sequel, of which we need say no more than that it maintains the spirit and character of the first part, and amply carries out the design of the author. The interest of these four volumes is a moral one,—indeed, this is one of the chief merits of Mr. COOPER'S writings. He loses somewhat, it is true, by so unfrequently attempting the analysis of extreme passions, but he also gains, in similar degree, by forbearing to delineate such as are positively bad. He would excite his readers more, perhaps, by the dissection of the evil nature, but whether such excitement would be as favorable to the heart and morals, as is now the case with his writings, is a matter very much to be doubted.

MORGAN'S CAROLINA PLANTER. Columbia, S. C.

WE have the *four* first numbers of this very neat and very cheap agricultural monthly, the contents of which are various, informing and interesting. The most valuable of these are the occasional articles from practical farmers, who think and observe as well as drudge. Would that they were more frequent. Next, we read with pleasure, the reports of local societies, by which we are enabled to keep pace with the popular improvements in every quarter of the State. We are not sure that the long declamatory discourses, at the opening of these societies, are in their proper place in these miscellanies. Sometimes, they contain a valuable suggestion, but very seldom. The orator is apt to deal in generalities, when the farmer asks for details; and his long-windedness is seldom content with less than half the monthly number. We shall look with interest to these issues as they severally appear.

A TREATISE ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING, adapted to North America; with a view to the improvement of country residences. Comprising historical notices and general principles of the art; directions for laying out grounds and arranging plantations; the description and cultivation of hardy trees; decorative accompaniments to the house and grounds; the formation of pieces of artificial water; flower gardens, etc. With remarks on rural architecture. Second edition. Enlarged, revised and newly illustrated. By A. J. Downing, author of *Designs for Cottage Residences*, etc.

"Insult not nature with absurd expense,
Nor spoil her simple charms by vain pretence;
Weigh well the object, be with caution bold,
Profuse of genius, not profuse of gold."

New-York & London: WILEY & PUTNAM. 1844.

WHEN in a more fanciful vein—when the atmosphere of heart and prospect are most luxuriant with sunshine and blossoms, we shall lay bare this volume, and turn its pages with the view to the preparation of a notice, which shall be redolent of its own riches. We are not now in the mood to dilate upon its beauties,—to cull its fancies,—to insist upon the nice artistical taste which it exhibits, and to sum up, in one gorgeous whole, its varieties of description and design. Landscape and gardening, of which it mostly teaches, is very little understood among

us. Our popular tastes are quite rude in this respect, even among persons of most pretension. Our fancies in the laying out of grounds are of formal cut, cumbrous, stiff,—after the fashion of Holland—whence, our British ancestors got their first lessons—which, by the way, they are now fast inclining to abandon. In the matter of grounds and gardens, and groves and cottages, we need some instruction; and this book, of all others that we know, will best serve the necessities of the American people. It is besides, a handsome parlor volume,—commendable to good taste,—fanciful and to be read by way of amusement, not less than for information upon the subject which it teaches. It is a book not too grave for the ladies, nor too light for their lords.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By the Right Rev. CONNOP THIRLWALL, Lord Bishop of St. David's, New-York: HARPER & BROTHERS. 1844.

THE publication of this work is begun in numbers, of which the first five are before us. Of these our leisure has only permitted us to read the first chapter, which gives us a well connected, and very well written account of the geographical outlines of Greece. The writer begins well, and promises better things as we proceed. We are willing, from the sample before us, to take some things upon trust. The more imposing duties of the historian, particularly of ancient times, are those in which he deals in speculative philosophies in relation to the complex and only partially known features of his subject. His capacity for profound conjectures, his readiness in analogy, his power of discrimination and comparison, his sense of justice, his freedom from partisanship—these are the higher essentials of the philosophic historian. Of the claims of Mr. THIRLWALL, in these respects, we can say as yet nothing. We shall go through his work with care. As we have said already, he promises well, and we are prepared to yield him a respectful consideration. We need a new and somewhat elaborate history of Greece. The best we have are those of GILLIES and MITFORD, and the late picturesque and highly beautiful work of Dr. WORDSWORTH. Neither of the two former have satisfied the public. Both have their value. The work of GILLIES is a good one,—that of MITFORD—his partisanship excepted—is perhaps a better one. The objects of Dr. WORDSWORTH, in his View of Greece, were too limited to entitle him to a place in this connexion. We take for granted that the publishers of the present work of Mr. THIRLWALL, would not have undertaken it unless perfectly satisfied of its value; they have issued it in a style equally cheap and good, and we doubt not that it will generally find its way into the hands of the public.

THE Works of the Rev. WILLIAM JAY. HARPER & BROTHERS.

HERE are the entire works of an author, some of whose writings are already household books throughout the country. The "Morning and Evening Exercises," "Family Discourses" and "Prayers," are standards of their class, and are too well known to need remark. They have touched and satisfied many hearts, soothed the wounded, and strengthened the sinking spirit. Their writer has been a benefactor, a consoler in those precious, painful hours, when the suffering sinner, overborne and humbled, looks vainly round to those who can give no sup-

port but sympathy, no counsel but that of resignation. It is at such a time that the offices of religion, properly administered, stand in the place of human friendships, and help the poor fainting soul to a better communion with divine ones. These works of Mr. JAY, are of all others of the kind, the most happily adapted for this great result. In addition to the "Prayers and "Exercises" so well known, these volumes contain much more and equally valuable matter—The Christian,—in a course of lectures;—sermons and short discourses; and biographies of CORNELIUS WINTER and JOHN CLARK—a library in themselves, amply provided with most precious lore.

MORSE'S SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY. HARPER & BROTHERS.

THIS is no doubt a very great improvement on the ordinary school geographies, and the body of text and illustration, in maps and pictures, contained in this cheap compendium, renders it likely that it will, before a very long time, supersede all others. Mr. MORSE has a hereditary claim to be a teacher of geography among us. His father was the first person in America who ever put forth a work of this description, and, we think it probable that, until the present generation, his work has held exclusive possession of the schools. We all remember it as a highly useful and interesting compend. The compiler of the present, was concerned with his father in the old work, to which we have reference. He brings to his task, accordingly, no little experience. The volume before is neat in execution, copious in its subjects, and very cheap in price. We repeat our conviction that it must soon supersede all others.

BALZAC'S FATHER GORIOT. Winchester.

ANOTHER story from the French, translated by GOULD. BALZAC is one of the best of their modern Tale writers, not so daring as SUE, not so poetic as VICTOR HUGO. This is not an unfair specimen of his powers, which are considerable and various. His delineation of character here is felicitous. The paternal *monomania* of Father Goriot, is well described. The young aspirant for the honors and pleasures of fashionable life, is happily depicted in his feverish thirst after the false and the forbidden. And, nothing can be more terrible than the development of "high life," such as known in the great cities of Europe, among the noblesse and the fashionable, which this novel displays. Verily, but for the redeeming traits, scattered here and there, like faint stars in a cloudy firmament, we might turn with loathing from humanity. The coldness, the vanity, the shameless selfishness of the votaries, in such a world, is sickening to contemplation, and painful to belief. There is nothing objectionable in this work on the score of morals, unless it be in the very consideration of subjects which trespass upon the delicacy of the marriage tie.

LANGLEY'S HAND BOOKS. 1844. H. G. LANGLEY.

HERE is no small library, in a small compass, of a useful and amusing character. We open a packet, and six tiny volumes, that might well decorate the centre table of Titania, gleam upon us in gold and purple. This is a collection to

empty the purses of our damsels. Here is the "hand-book of dreams," history and prophecy—all remarkable dreams of remarkable persons, and ingenious solutions for the dreams of those who may not be so remarkable. Then follows a book for the good housewife—the "hand-book of domestic cookery"—a culinary manual,—a volume to provoke appetite, and to teach properly how to pacify it. Then we have two hand-books for "letter writing"—one for ladies and another for gentlemen. Samples are given of this elegant and necessary art, so that nobody need go wrong, whether the object be making love, making money, or simply making—fun. To these, add the "hand-books of the language and sentiment of flowers," and the "hand-book of manners," and our tiny library is complete—a really pretty, useful and ingeniously planned collection. What more can we say of the biggest library?

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 KOHL'S SCOTLAND. Glasgow, the Clyde, etc. CAREY & HART.

THIS is scarcely so pleasant and interesting a volume, as that on Ireland, recently published by the same author. Its material is not so attractive, and the spirit and tone of the author not near so good. He does not seem to have entered upon the task *con amore*, as in the previous work. There was a life, a vigor, a racy and delightful freshness, about "The Ireland," that was perfectly delightful. The *abandon* of the people,—the novel circumstances of the country—the very rudeness and wildness of nature and society,—seem to have had their effect upon the perceptions and the mind of our traveller. His notes on "Scotland" are wanting in this freshness. The tone is more subdued,—the expression languid—and there is a lack of interest in the narrative which has a discouraging effect upon the reader, making him better satisfied that the volume is a short one.

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 SCRIBBLINGS AND SKETCHINGS, Diplomatic, Piscatory and Oceanic. By J. C. WATMOUGH. Philadelphia: C. SHERMAN. 1844.

THESE are lively clever sketches, very well written and not deficient in imagination. The objection is that they are things of too little effort. The writer who limits his labors, to performances which tax only a three hours devotion at the desk, will most probably content himself with a sketch which will content few other persons. To do well, we must aim well. This is one of the secrets which American authorship has not sufficiently discovered. Its efforts are all too fugitive. They are sports, plays, casual exercises,—the short digressions of busy gentlemen into regions of comparative leisure. They are not works. They do not call for exertion. They fail to exercise the imagination, and force it to come forth from its hiding place, obedient to the superior spells of earnest and settled determination. Persons who deal in fugitive writings seldom show themselves in serious earnest. They do not give themselves, heart and soul, to their subject. They play with it, touch it lightly, ruffle its surfaces, and pass off with butterfly levity, to other objects. Would they do better, let them pierce to its core—go to their work as if they were going into battle, with lips closed, eye fixed only on the one object, and a will so bent upon conquest, that they are willing to risk life, and all things upon the issue. To be perfectly successful, it is requisite that one should give himself up entirely to his cause.

BURKE ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

A NEW edition of this exquisite standard essay, by one of the noblest masters of modern times, has been prepared and adapted for schools by Professor MILLS, of New-York. The advantages of the present edition, which is issued in very neat style by HARPER & BROTHERS, consist in the removal of various indelicacies of expression which appeared in the original essay, in furnishing a free translation of such occasional passages as are contained in foreign tongues, and in a series of marginal questions upon every page, founded upon the sense of the text, and facilitating the use of the work in the hands of teachers. The value of the essay itself, is of course beyond doubt and disputation, and the present edition renders it proper for the education of the young.

LITTELL'S "LIVING AGE." First and Second Part.

THIS is a compilation, made up from the pages of the current English Reviews and Magazines. It is neatly printed, and on fair paper and terms; but, unless the selections are made by a more capable hand, it will hardly satisfy the reader. We have too many trashy things from the smaller London Journals, and the articles of more pretension are not always the best from the abler periodicals. The original introductory paragraphs by the American Editor, seem to us equally silly and impertinent; and we notice the old obtrusive habit of our Boston friends, that of thrusting the proofs of the local genius too constantly before our sight. Here we have verses of SPRAGUE and LONGFELLOW, which have been in all the newspapers ten years ago. Something too much of this.

ALISON ON TASTE. HARPER & BROTHERS.

ANOTHER work of acknowledged use and standard excellence, which has been adapted to the use of schools, and of the young generally, by Professor MILLS, of New-York. ALISON'S work on Taste, is kindred to that of BURKE on the Sublime, and they necessarily go together in the work of training the yet unpractised mind in the knowledge of those principles of taste and art which are essential to a proper education. We have every reason to think that the present edition is well adapted to the proposed object, and that the editor has carried out his design with care, and to complete success.

WRITINGS OF FRANCES WRIGHT.

WE are in receipt of a small auto-biography of FRANCES WRIGHT, a woman of remarkable ability, whose masculine nature and bold, excursive intellect, have rendered her distinction in society rather striking than enviable. This brochure promises to be introductory to her notes and political letters. It is the first number of a series which we promise to examine with care, and to pronounce upon with a single eye to propriety and justice.